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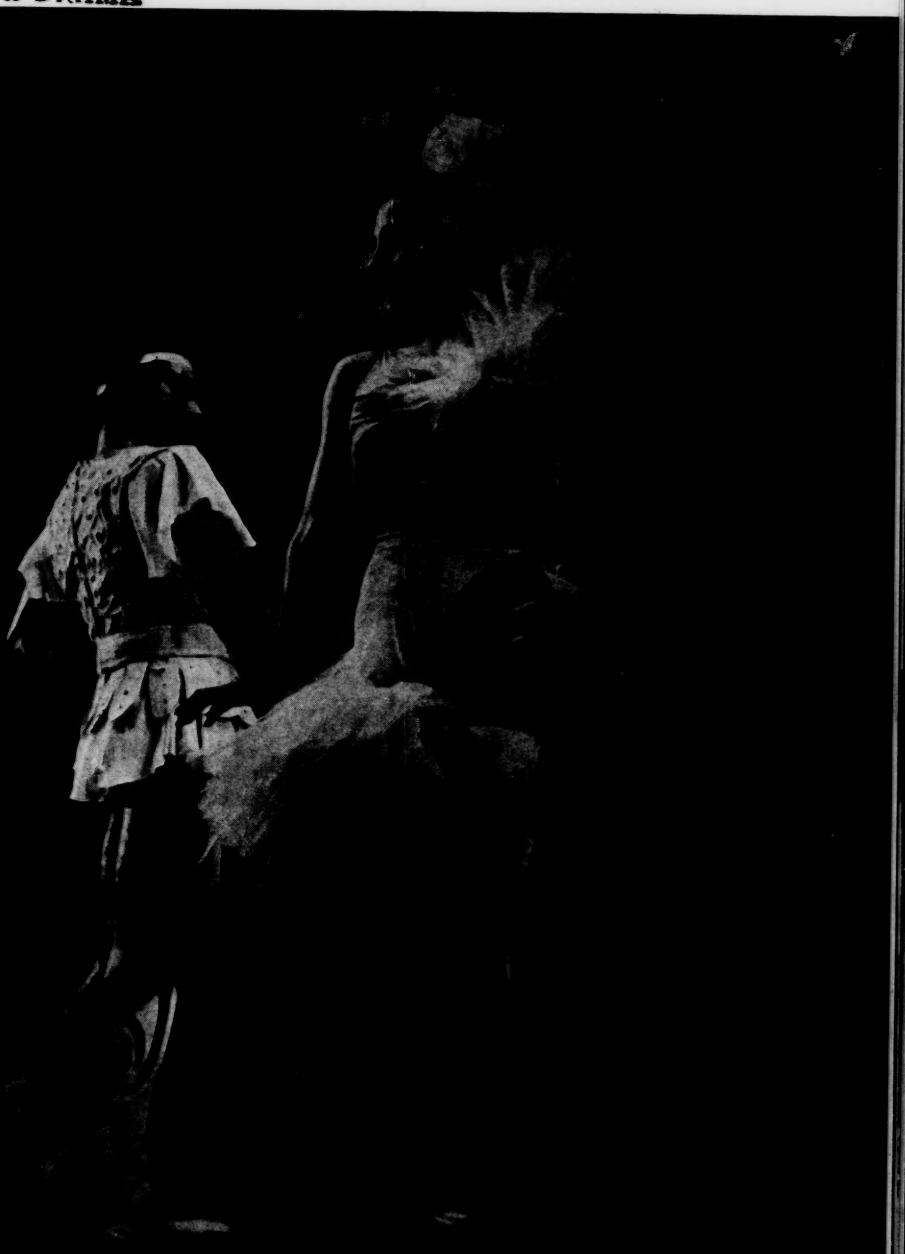

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(Twenty Dancequiz Questions)

1. What American ballerina of French extraction has written a book entitled *Yankee Ballerina* soon to be brought out by the publishers Dodd, Mead & Co.?
2. What ballet company, founded in Philadelphia, and which has traveled and danced in Europe, is appearing this season with the Chicago Opera Company?
3. What dancer, who has a first novel on the way, became a dancer as a result of winning a national playwriting contest?
4. What bizarre painter has collaborated for the second time with Leonide Massine on a work newly exhibited in New York this month?
5. Which major company begins its new season in Mexico City and under whose directorship?
6. What are the name sof the two shorts filmed in technicolor by the Warner Brothers in Hollywood this summer?
7. What dancer, a descendent of the Puritans, was taken into the home of a famous gypsy to study flamenco dances?
8. What famous ballroom team, in an appearance a half year ago at the Rainbow Room, introduced what they called the Victory Dance, and gave rise to a host of imitators?
9. What two dance critics can lay claim to a long professional career behind them before taking up the pen?
10. What prominent caricaturist and artist has gone all-out for dance sketches these past two seasons and is bringing out a collection of caricatures of famous dance artists?
11. What company has been favoured with the novel experience of being flown back and forth across the Andes from one engagement to another?
12. What annual dance event is sponsored by the Daily News at Madison Square Garden?
13. Who were this years all-around winners at the event mentioned in number 12?
14. For the benefit of what organization are the performances of the Original Ballet Russe in Canada being held?
15. In what new work is Martha Graham to be seen this season; and where did it have its premiere?
16. What is the latest in Hollywood ballroom-tap team combinations?
17. What British actress displays her versatility as a dancer in a current musical drama on Broadway, and what is the name of this drama?
18. What tap dancer who has already achieved some fame on Broadway as the interpreter of a character made famous by John O'Hara in the New Yorker, has stepped out as a choreographer, and what is the name of the show which displays his work?
19. Is dictatorship the theme of any dance work exhibited to the public as yet, and what company features it?
20. What prominent English dancer is to tour the country later this season as a lecturer?

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PROMINENT DANCE STUDIOS

● PRO and CON . . .

Editors Note: The following letter addressed to Mr. Leroy Thayer, the secretary-Treasurer of the Dancing Masters of America, was forwarded to us from Washington, D. C., and we reprint it herewith, hoping that our readers will find it as informative as we did.

Jackson Place, N. W.
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Leroy Thayer,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Mr. Thayer:

Since you are an officer of the Dancing Masters of America, you no doubt read regularly its official publication, the AMERCIAN DANCER. In the June, 1941, issue the editor's summing up expresses a thought which has long revolved in my mind as one of the arguments to stimulate interest in dancing in any form. I quote in part:

". . . . We know that social dancing is a cure-all for jitters and nervous tension and all the mental ills to which we see our fellow citizens becoming prey . . . we know that healthy bodies are built through supervised rhythmic exercise, through dance training in any form and these two factors are as necessary to the United States today as planes are to Britain. Our job is to get America dancing. . . ."

If it be true that dancing is so important why is not the subject given more prominence in our publications? Why is there so little printed material on the subject? Why is it so difficult to obtain in this city current information covering the dance field?

I am a dance enthusiast. However, I have no educational background in the subject, and even if I were endowed with talent, my age precludes me from taking it up as a profession. Nevertheless, there is still the phase of ballroom dancing which anyone can pursue regardless of age. Because of my interest in the subject I am trying, through reading, study, and observation to educate myself somewhat. But at times it seems as if I were butting my head against a stone wall by lack of printed material. One cannot easily buy a dancers magazine in this city, so quickly do they disappear. Of course I realize *there is only one year-around monthly publication and*

● PRO and CON . . .

that it is the AMERICAN DANCER, which can be obtained through subscription. But the general public has at least a latent interest in the dance and if more copies were put on sale it might help to get America dancing.

I have discovered that there are more people

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• PRO and CON . . .

interested in dancing than this world dreams of. But so often they seem to think it something that should be kept a secret. *Recently, by a casual explanation, I confessed to a rather elderly, gray-haired lady my interest in dancing. She replied: "Why, so am I. I've been going to Thayer's for fifteen years."* This is only typical of many conversations whereby I have discovered hidden interest in the dance, but usually it is a passive interest and not one in active pursuit of it.

My enthusiasm for dancing makes me want to shout its benefits from the housetops. I long to see the time come when it will considered to be as essential as any school subject, and when people will register in the studios (ballroom dancing studios stressed especially) by the semester. If that day should come the studios of ballroom dancing would not be run on such a precarious basis financially and resort to high-pressure advertising. But the dream I wish more presently to have realized is that there might be a dance page in the Sunday edition of the Washington newspapers —a page more comprehensive than that in the New York Times. Such a page with the proper editor could be made very interesting and also influential in promoting the aims of social dancing. Has the dance profession in Washington ever tried to start such a movement? Would you favour, support or start such a movement? A person of your influence would command attention.

I assure you that it is with a sincere, genuine interest for the art of dancing that I approach you, and that I have no ulterior motives whatsoever.

Very truly yours,

EDNA E. MITCHELL.

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To the Editor:

I am writing you as many other teachers do to tell you how much your magazine means to me. For the past year I have been living here in the Hawaiian Islands far away from the dance centers of America. I can not tell you how I look forward each month to your very fine publication. I read it from cover to cover and then over again.

I especially enjoy the many letters from the

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● PRO and CON . . .

teachers with criticisms pro and con, and light chatter of the professional dance world. May I say that I enjoyed the article on Tap Terminology by Bill Pillich in the July issue. I was happy to learn that it agrees perfectly with the terms as I use them in my teaching. It would be very helpful if you would publish a routine once in a while.

I am enclosing four dollars for a two year subscription to the AMERICAN DANCER. This is the prize I have awarded to a little American born Japanese girl for being faithful in attending my classes for one year without missing a lesson. She is a very fine little tap dancer and I feel that the magazine will do much to further her interest in other types of dance.

My best wishes to you.

Sincerely,

BARBARA BARNES,
Honolulu, T. H.

● PRO and CON . . .

Dear Miss Howard:

As I reread my letter to you, I honestly did not expect to write so much, but after twenty-five years of teaching one must have ideas drawn from experience and there are not many people to tell these things to, so poor lady, you were the victim.

Contrary to most dance instructors, I do not begin a child in a dancing class prior to the age of six or seven because mentally or physically they are incapable of great mental concentration and physical effort. Because of this psychological and physiological fact, I call my pre-school and kindergarten classes rhythm classes. Dramatic play, posture games and rhythmic games and exercises are the order of the lesson. I also stress the importance of dance in education rather than the professional side because in my community we are so removed from professional centers that my clients are not particularly enthusiastic. Aside from that if an individual manifests more than average capability a conference with the parents is held and then I begin on a serious training that will permit that individual to carry on in an established recognized school in a center of professionalism.

Personally, after 26 years of teaching experience, I honestly feel that the salvation of the dance teacher is the stressing of the personal benefits the pupil will derive rather than the professional angle because the people who are temperamentally, physically, and mentally capable of making dancing a career should be encouraged to take great pains to obtain a good academic background.

My belief is too that our profession should certainly incorporate more of the contemporary dance, *"Modern,"* in our curriculum, because

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TAMARA TOUMANOVA and IGOR YOUSKEVITCH in a scene from Labyrinth

Photo: MICHAEL KIDD

To the right—

MONA MONTES, Spanish dancer who will appear at the Rainbow Room this season with ALEXIS DOLINOFF

Photo: WILLIAM STONE

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Summing Up

by

RUTH ELEANOR HOWARD

Since the teaching profession has been on the lash end of my pen for so long, it seems about time to direct a message particularly to Mr. and Mrs. Public. Especially since I'm burning with a moral for them!

•

In Philadelphia, recently, a stream-lined educational program for adults was announced with a wide variety of interesting and exotic subjects running the gamut from bridge to psychology through natural history, current events, instruments of the orchestra, dancing and scores more. And which do you think drew the most registrants? Dancing, of course! At the opening session more than 4000 people (at least 1000 more than for any other subject), turned out for the dance classes . . . and paid $3.00 for the course of ten lessons.

•

This isn't the time to enter into a discussion of the fairness of the price — we grant that it is 40% less than the minimum agreed upon by members of the Dancing Masters of America, but it is still a long way from the free lessons we have deplored for so long. What it does prove is this: that people want to dance and want to learn how to dance . . . and that few of them know how to go about it.

•

So-called "smart" people have always had their dance mentors and because as adolescents they were schooled to the necessity of instruction in ballroom deportment and the execution of currently popular steps, they continue for the most part, with periodic instruction — especially when a new trend begins to show itself. But the vast majority of people "picked up" just enough dancing to get by when cornered and use "I don't care much for dancing" as a cover-up at other times. If they did but know it that very expression is a whistle-in-the-dark, for dancing is as natural an outlet for energy and expression as walking or talking.

•

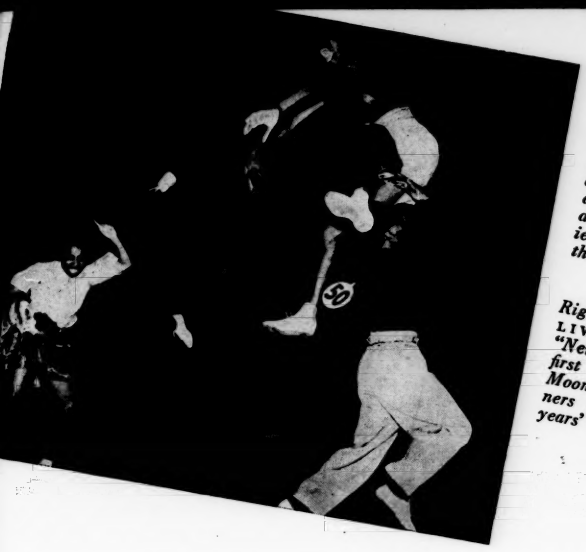
There is nothing new in the statement that people find greater relaxation from strain in dancing than in bridge, for instance. It is also understandable that this being a time in the world when we are all prone to huddle together and do our running with the pack when run we must, the idea of studying in group is a strong point of attraction. However, it is not conceivable that many of the 4000 who turned out for this gigantic class bargained for any such mass response and it is altogether believable that few, if any of them, had ever stopped to consider the possibility of finding just such a class, with probably 3,900 less people in it, conducted by any of the regularly established and highly reputable ballroom schools in this community.

•

This then, is my message to the public . . . to the men and women and boys and girls who love to dance but who confess it only to themselves because of a self-conscious fear of appearing ridiculous: dancing is a highly social form of recreation and one for which every individual will be the healthier both mentally and physically. Pursue it intelligently, then. Just as you select a place to live, and clothes, and friends, that are "suitable," choose a dance teacher and a dancing class that is suitable. In other words, place yourself in the hands of a qualified teacher and you will not only learn how to dance but if you choose class lessons, you will receive them with a reasonable number of other people of suitable age and congenial background. Your good-time return on your investment as against similar possibilities in any mass instruction, will be in exact ratio to the good time you would have alone with your partner (unless he or she is the "only one in the world" and it is that moment when the spell is the heaviest) at a large charity or public ball as against going with your own crowd.

•

And furthermore, don't forget there are no "priorities" against dancing . . . it is the free and joyous expression of a free people! Let's dance!



Left: An incandescent moment during the Lindy-hop with bodies seen hurtling through space.

Right: ED SULLIVAN *of the "News" with the first Harvest Moon Ball winners and this years' winners.*

HARVEST MOON MADNESS

By Helen Dzhermolinska

IF I go to next year's Harvest Moon Ball at Madison Square Garden, it won't be without a gas mask, I can tell you. Twenty-thousand faces, my friends, and a cigarette dangling from every one of them. Above the thunder of twenty-thousand busy voices and through a cloud of smoke of the consistence of sorghum, you could see, if you were conscious, which I am not quite certain I was, that a show was taking place on the great central platform.

Every year, for some years back, the *Daily News* has been sponsoring a contest in ballroom dancing, the proceeds of which affair goes to charity, and which is open only to amateurs. In its sweetly insidious way, it has been pandering to the universal urge for mob participation in symbolic dance rites. Defer, therefore, defer to the great leveler, the *Daily News*. It has created its own rites—the seasonal Harvest Moon rites.

It was a hot night and a warm audience. The kind of audience you hope and yearn for but see maybe once or twice in a dreary lifetime of audiences. No Ballet Theatre or Ballet Russe ever saw its like, or ever will. Screeches as zestful as Charlie Spivak's music; gibberings of delight behind your back that would make you swear you had a cageful of monkeys behind you, but prove to be only two small high school boys communicating with each other. Explosions of applause for every simpering, coy celebrity that ducked (but not very enthusiastically) the traveling searchlight. Laughter, sobs (of hilarity), glare of floodlights, haze of thick smoke.

That night of August 27, at the invitation of the *Daily News*, I sallied into said Madison Square Garden, and watched the six respected judges tick off one contestant after another. These panting, nervous youngsters, of varied origin and colour, come from greatly divergent walks of life. They numbered among them a fireman, a man who described himself as a "coolie," a window-dresser, a poet, a receptionist, and a bashful negress who declared she was a "home girl." Some fifty odd couples took part in these finals. Ed Sullivan of the *News* hovered fraternally over them and was the chattiest, coziest announcer ever. From the great stage streamed alternately great flares of jive from the Charlie Spivak boys on one side and the most torrid rumba that ever blistered an ear from Xavier Cugat and his slick-haired crew on the other. These contagious rhythms cast a sort of St. Vitus Dance spell over the undergraduates in back of me, and hard work it was, trying not to miss a thing, both in front and in back.

The aforesaid contest ranged freely from fox-trot to waltz and included rumba, conga, (with voodoo variations by an anonymous lad who had never had inhibitions properly explained to him) tango (of the gutless cafe society sort) and the crowning spot of the entire evening, the Lindy-hop glorious, a Lindy-hop, which, believe me, was better than a good dog fight.

The programme should logically be divided into two sections: exhibition ballroom dancing, and the Lindy-hop (as danced by the Harlem contingent). The first was characterized by some astonishing coiffures, gowns and expensive dinner clothes, nervous deportment, worried concentration and stiffness and monotony of design in dancing. The other part was characterized by a bewildering and impertinent array of costumes, free, much too free movement, low comedy, and as far as my tired eyes could make out of the halo of smoke which hung over the house, some of the most unbelievable contortion of which the human face is capable. Amended by screams as of agony from the galvanized Lindy-hoppers. Behind me the two high school undergraduates assured me the contestants in the Lindy-hop would probably have to be removed via stretcher. And although not assured of it by anybody, I suspect all the judges of having to be rushed in desperate haste to the nearest sanatorium at the expense of the *Daily News*.

The gowns worn by the girls were a fashion event in themselves and represented, as did the gleaming starched shirts and dinner coats of the men, a considerable sacrifice on the part of their wearers, as quite all of them, including the "coolie" and the "home girl," were workers with modest incomes. (*Continued on page* 27)

I Cast Ashore at Barnegat

By LEONARD WARE

I CROSSED the long bridge from the mainland to Long Beach Island afoot. It was a moonless night, the black heavens above blazing with stars, and a fresh salt wind blowing about my head. I walked alone, leaving behind me a year of toil that is toil as only a dancer knows it. Ahead of me on that dim island lay the friendly walls of the camp which was to be a refuge for two months. For me, and for the dancers I knew who were to follow me into its communal heart.

I looked at the dark and surging Atlantic ahead, and across it sped my restless thoughts, eastward toward those now darkened, blighted capitols of Europe in which not so many years ago I had danced. To London, Paris, Brussels, Berlin, I directed my troubled thoughts, to the hurrahs, the bursts of music, the colours, the gayety, the loveliness, the excited faces of audiences not forgotten. To that world goodbye. At my feet lay the quiet shores of a new haven for a wandering dancer. a haven which beckoned to dancers everywhere with a welcoming finger. It stood, white and broad-walled, in the shadow of the famous Barnegat Lighthouse, perhaps the oldest and most storied lighthouse on the northeast coast. In spite of the advanced hour, my host and hostess stood at the door, peering into the magically wonderful night, whence my errant steps were turned toward them. Dr. Lodge, the owner and director of the Barnegat School of the Dance, and the lovely camp hostess, Bunny Boyles, pounced upon me with all the zest of a fisherman hauling a prize catch out of the sea. Excited though I was at being there, I had to succumb to fatigue. And to sleep I drifted with the neighborly surf singing a lullaby into my willing ear.

Who is Dr. Lodge, you will inquire. A pardonable curiosity. William Lodge is the ruling and patron spirit of a camp and school unique anywhere in the world. Bill Lodge is that *rara avis*, a medical belletomane, and he presides paternally over the fortunes of the little camp's citizens, aided and abetted by lovely Bunny. His background is worth notice. He was for seventeen years head of the physical education division at the Battle Creek sanatorium in Michigan and a champion of the dance and its uses to the sick and the well. There is a Philadelphia society matron who looks upon him as no less than a latter-day saviour. The child of this woman had lost the ability to use her legs, and although every prominent surgeon who examined her advised operation, Bill Lodge held out for moderate ballet bar exercises as a cure. His verdict was a vindication of his powers as a healer, and a triumph for the wretched child. Dr. Lodge knew what any dancing teacher in the world would know, and what the doctors apparently didn't, that muscles, even atrophied muscles, can be stretched twelve to sixteen inches, and repossessed of mobility.

My first morning at Barnegat, I woke to the insolent screechings of sea-gulls, with the accompanying roar of the Atlantic in frivolous and early morning mood in the background. I stepped outside my door into an expanse of sand, poetically pearly white and shining sand. Above, the halcyon sky stretched away into mysterious distances and about me, although I was only six miles from the mainland of North America. I could feel a virginal serenity in the untroubled atmosphere, totally unexpected but delightful to

Pow-wow by firelight on the beach with the author on the left followed by GRACE, ADRIENNE, JACK, PHYLLIS *and* ALEXIS. BILL LODGE *seated.*

That incorrigible CONRAD! *Caught in the larder again, gnawing a bone!*

experience after the tenseness of contemporary social intercourse. It was a world fresh and untouched and I was a Robinson Crusoe newly arrived. I picked my way among the amusing sand-pipers and terns on the shore down to the surf and took my baptism like a convert. When I emerged I beheld, not fifty yards away, a door opening into a studio, as completely appointed as any Carnegie Hall studio, and looking like a bit of alright in this rural retreat. It was in this happy room that I was to teach and dance away the summer.

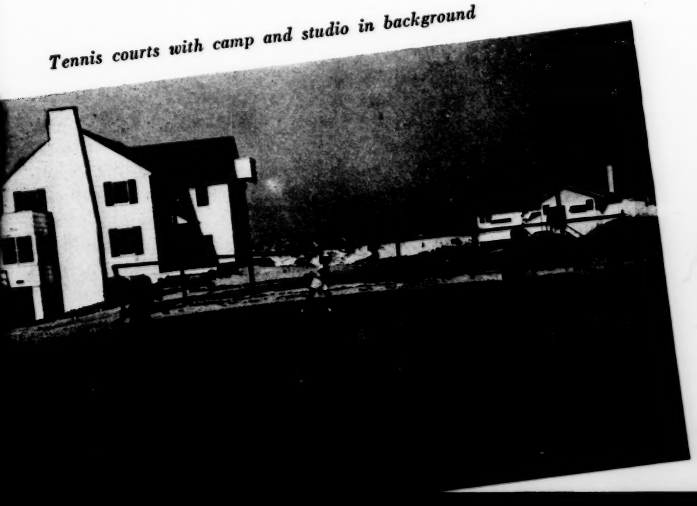
To the north lies the famous lighthouse which in earlier, bolder days was a beacon that drew men to violent death, instead of to expected snug harbor. Some one hundred years ago and more, all this island was a pirates domain, a reek in the nostrils of the god-fearing on the mainland. God's mercy upon the hapless ship that strayed too near it in a storm; the lying beacon lit it to a watery grave, with false signals. As a consequence of this period of turbulence, the island today abounds in whispered old wives tales, bleached bones cast occasionally ashore, and suspicions of buried treasure that refuse to stay buried. Truthfully enough, treasure has been found there, and may, as the tales go, still be somewhere about. The only treasure our unmercenary little group ever sought was, however, the ambrosian clams in which the island abounds. The best clammer of the season was, incidentally, without dispute, Adrienne Toner, of the Radio City Music Hall, a three-time visitor to our camp, as were Grace Thomas, Joan McCracken and Phyllis Hill from the same place. We certainly had the prettiest girls on the island all summer, to the chagrin and envy of local bucks who had only Philadelphia society to draw from.

A few days after my arrival, Karen Conrad and Jack Potteiger came down, both soloists at one time with the Littlefield Ballet, and later members of the Ballet Theatre. Karen is still with the Ballet Theatre, as one of its ballerinas. Together we three ran the gamut, thoroughly reveling in teaching (some days as many as five classes) all ages, dispositions and shapes that a teacher ever shook a corrective finger at. In addition to a great number of the Radio City Music Hall boys and girls who came in veritable regiments; in addition to local people and members of a few large companies who were between seasons, we also drew a notable amount of D.M.A. members who were either on their way to or from the Convention in New York. These latter, one and all, expressed themselves as determined to return to Barnegat and go native, after getting their affairs into order, and it was with a great gnashing of teeth and tearing of hair on ours, as well as their parts, that we saw them to the bus at Manahawkin, with reminders that they *must* remember old ties and dear ones left behind. As a class they were boon companions and wonderfully intelligent pupils. Even old Foxy, Bill's eighteen year old collie sent a heart-rending wail after their departing steps.

Foxy, you lovable beast, your memory will always be green. Full of years, asthmatic and with failing sight, Bill's old collie was nothing less than a household god. Wherever he pottered around, he was pottered after by several admirers who were not loath to scratch the dull hours away, Foxy lending himself kindly to scratching fingers at any hour of the day or night. Of course, his days are drawing to full close now, but seventeen years ago when Bill Lodge found him in the woods near Valley Forge, he was untamed, nearly a reversion to wolf. It was Bill who tamed him into dog. I remember vividly the night Foxy got lost. Appalling night! Bill Lodge had left for the New Jersey mainland leaving the camp in God's care and Foxy in ours, Jack and mine. A summer rain had come on, swift and sudden. In this darkness and wetness Foxy elected to disappear from his comfortable basket in the house from which he usually hardly ever stirred. Knowing Bill's attachment for his dog, and the poor old beast's asthma, we wasted no time in speculation as to where he might have gone. We routed Helen Dzhermolinska, a staff writer for the *American Dancer*, who was visiting us, out of her comfortable bed and drafted the services of herself and her torch for a search of Foxy. Ignoring her picturesque maledictions upon the rain, the age and disabilities of Foxy, and the darkness of the night as best we could, we roamed the island for hours, all three of' us,' moaning, crying, entreating: "Foxy!" "Foxy?" "Here, Foxy!" "Here, Foxy, Foxy, Foxy!" until we looked less like our matter-of-fact selves than three wet spectres in search of a cozy haunt. At last, dripping like so many hulks in the salt sea, and lacking only a crowning garland of sea-weed we made for the camp and home. As we neared it (and it was already long past the witching hour) our unbelieving

(*Continued on page* 30)

Tennis courts with camp and studio in background



LEONARD WARE *and* JACK POTTEIGER *haul in a prize catch out of the sea—lovely* KAREN CONRAD.

The American Ballet in Argentina

PART II OF A TRAVEL DIARY—*by Lincoln Kirstein*

WHEN we think of South America in North America, we frequently just say Southamerica without much realizing that Brazil and Argentina, Peru and Ecuador are separate republics, not different states in the same country, each with a special climate and a particular accent. When the Ballet left Brazil after almost a month, we could pretty well decipher our notices in Portuguese. We could ask for the few necessary things to eat, and we could thank everybody very much.

In Buenos Aires we started to know the language that would serve us all the rest of the trip. We learned the technical Spanish terms for footlights, spots and floods, surprise-pinks and midnight-blues. Just about when we left we could carry on a conversation about something more absorbing than the weather. But many more people prefer to speak English rather than endure our Spanish and it was often hard to get much practice.

After our premiére in Rio, I tried to find out as much as possible about the Argentine audience. It's not much help to ask a Brazilian what the Buenos Aires public is like. Brazilians consider Rio a kind of superior Paris and Buenos Aires little better than an inferior Barcelona. However, it didn't take me overnight to discover that Buenos Aires is scarcely a city of barbarians.

We arrived at the air-port on the night of their national holiday. The city seemed bigger than Chicago. The drive in from the field covered more built-up space than any other place I'd ever been. In the heart of the city, hundreds of public buildings were lavishly outlined with electric lights. The huge bulk of the Colon Theatre seemed on fire. The streets were wide and newly faced and all the traffic was going in the "wrong" direction.

I managed to meet as many people as quickly as I possibly could. I had been given letters by our Embassy in Rio, to Sr. Ignacio Pirovano who is both dictator of local café society and director of the important Museum of Decorative Art. His mother-in-law heads the Amigos del Arte, a gallery very much like our own Museum of Modern Art. I asked Pirovano how he thought we should arrange the repertory for our opening programs. His taste, like most of his friends, was predominately French; he had seen only a little North American art, and that little he didn't much like.

I had the pleasure of seeing Madame Victoria Ocampo who is perhaps the most distinguished literary figure in all South America. It is she who publishes the brilliant review *Sur*, has translated Virginia Wolfe and André Gide, and who had just issued the first number of a new Free French magazine. She was particularly interested in the fact that we were performing Stravinsky's *Apollon Musagéte*. Stravinsky was a great friend of hers. She had arranged the first performances of his *Persephone* in South America, declaiming the poetry herself in her wonderful classic French diction. She showed me the manuscript score that Stravinsky had written out for her.

And I became good friends with Maria Rosa Oliver, who is certainly the best neighbor North American arts and letters have in South America. She was the first to translate O'Neill's plays into Spanish, and to see they were produced. She appropriates every one of our artists or writers as soon as they appear and sees that each one of us gets to know not only the great port of Buenos Aires but the Argentina of the plains and provinces which she loves so well. Maria Rosa had herself just published a splendid children's *Geographia* with fine colored illustrations by the painter, Horacio Butler. She started us off at once on our new Argentine ballet, with Butler and the gifted young composer, Alberto Ginistera, whose choral ballet *Panambi* is in the repertory of the Colon.

Maria Rosa Oliver told me that I was to listen to no one in Buenos Aires for advice on our repertory. We should feature our American ballets; she knew enough of what we had done to be certain these would be our biggest success. She said our classic ballets would carry themselves. She insisted we must feature our *difference* from any other ballet repertory.

She was entirely right, down to the last detail. In Buenos

Aires we gave nineteen performances in twelve days. The biggest hits were Eugene Loring's *Billy the Kid*, William Dollar's *Juke Box*, and Lew Christensen's Mexican ballet, *Pastorela*. I had been rather worried about showing *Pastorela in* South America. It employs a religious subject, uses Spanish to be sung in a special setting, and perhaps Latin Americans would resent it, in the way we resented the Russian Ballet's "American" numbers, like *The New Yorker* or *Union Pacific*.

But *Pastorela* had the advantage of the collaboration not only of Lew Christensen, our designer Alvin Colt, the composer Paul Bowles, but also of José Martinez who conceived the idea and found the old words, Blas Galindo who arranged the orchestration, and José Fernandez who helped with the authentic dance steps. It was a Mexican ballet in fact, not only in the program credits.

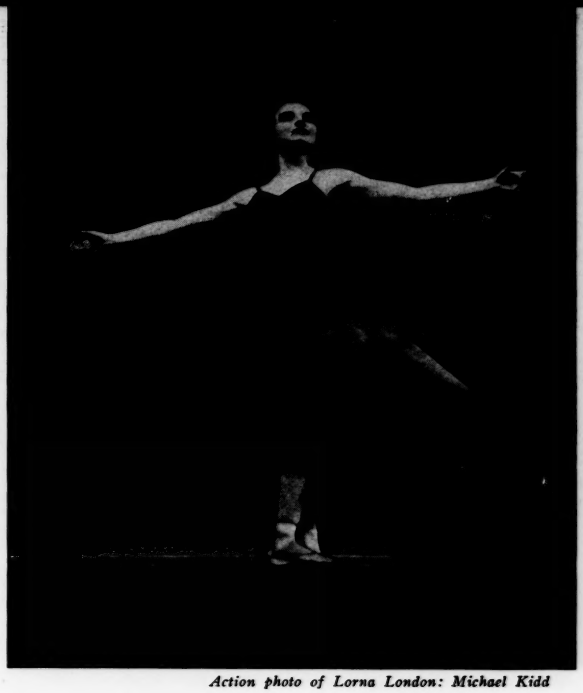
Pastorela delighted the Argentines because they saw in it a reverent use of folk-material, not in an exotic or purely decorative style, but simply and with a definite connection to a living primitive tradition. All through Chile and Peru, composers and painters kept coming backstage to suggest local legends which could be transformed as we had done in *Pastorela*.

We were extremely busy with continual rehearsals and performances. However, we managed to visit quite a few local dancers. The ballet at the Teatro Colon came every night to our theatre and acted as our guides around town. One of them had been in the same beginners' class years ago at the Scala in Milan with our young ballerina, Gisella Caccialanza, when they were both studying under Gisella's godfather, Enrico Cecchetti. I was delighted to find the English artist and dancer, David Grey, also working at the Colon. The last time I had seen him was with Igor Schwezoff in Holland, in the summer of 1933, where I had gone to help Madame Nijinsky complete the biography of her husband.

David introduced me to Esmé Bulnes, the accomplished *maestra* of the Colon ballet, and Balanchine, Christensen, Dollar and myself got up very early one morning to watch their class, held in a vast circular room with removable *barres*, under the huge stage of that colossal house.

The Colon is a vast establishment. The performances I saw there of *Carmen* and *Otello* were staged with infinitely more care and splendor than those at our Metropolitan. Margarete Wallman's dances for the gypsy scene were freshly conceived and well performed. I was interested and touched by talking to Madame Wallman, learning from her that it was not so easy working for any opera company, not even for the Colon. She was working herself into a collapse, preparing at the same time a new version of de Falla's *Three Cornered Hat*, a revival of *La Boutique Fantasque*, a new ballet based on Oscar Wilde's "Birthday of the Infanta", and a "complete" version of *La Belle au Bois Dormant*, to be danced non-stop in forty-five minutes.

We also had the good fortune to meet Mercedes Quintana de Conord in her beautiful modern studio, constructed for her by her husband, an architect and film designer. She is a splendid classic dancer, serving as ballet mistress and teacher for the Teatro Cervantes, which is a National theatre, while the Colon is the theatre of the Municipality of Buenos Aires. Quintana is tiny, blonde, with a strong, clean classic technique reminding us very much of Catherine and Dorothie Littlefield. She showed us a number of Argentine folk dances including *La Pericon Nacional*, the *gato*, and the two types of tango which she had devised for a native film.

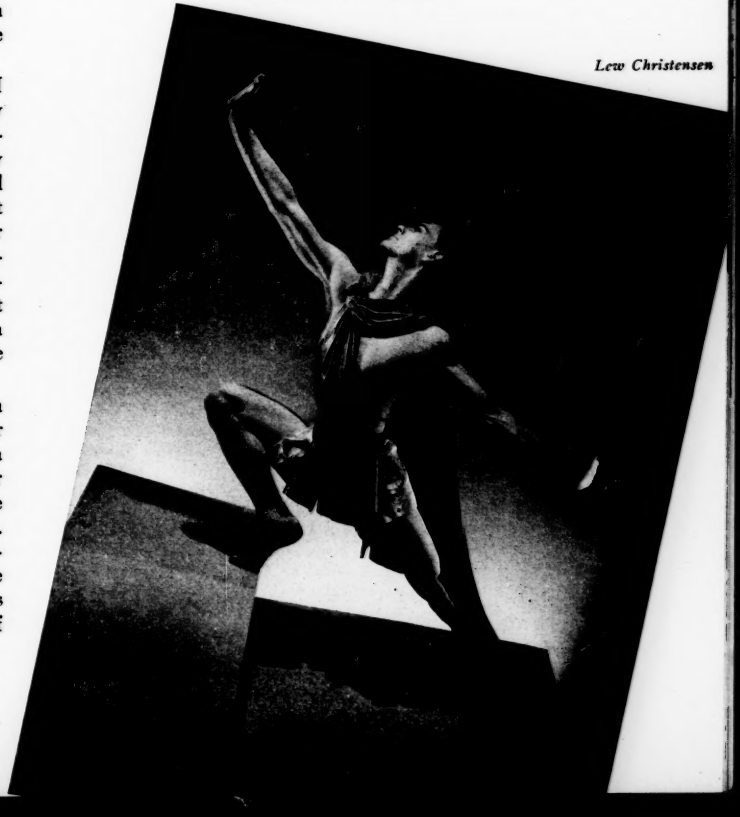


Action photo of Lorna London: Michael Kidd

Quintana explained that the tango has never been a gaucho or country dance, that it was a development of the *maxixe* of about 1905, that it came from the cabarets of the Port, in a real apache form, and only later invaded the salons. We wanted very much to have Quintana perform with us in a suite of folk-dances of her own design at a special Allied benefit performance, but it became impossible, due to the pressure of our performance schedule. One can hardly mount a new ballet on tour, particularly with a choreographer who is unfamiliar with a given company.

So many absorbing things happened to us in Argentina that it is impossible to record half of them here. We particu-

(*Continued on page* 25)



Lew Christensen

The Contribution of GLUCK and ANGIOLINI *to the French Ballet Tradition*

By BAIRD HASTINGS

CHIRSTOPH WILLIBALD GLUCK (1714-1787) was the last great musician to give direction to the form of ballet before Stravinsky. After Gluck there was hardly a great score written expressly for the dance for 50 years, and ballet had to wait 125 years before music again assumed a prominent or even adequate position in the presentation of ballet. The undue prominence of the choreographer choked the contribution of the theatrical musician until the time of the Diaghilev revolution.

Adam, Delibes, and Tchaikowsky all wrote partitions for ballets which were extremely successful, and there were several great choreographers between Gluck's two outstanding collaborators, Gaspare Angiolini and Noverre, and Stravinsky's early partner, Fokine. Still these choreographers, Gardel, DAuberval, Didelot, Vigano, Coralli, never secured full cooperation from the musician, and often left the scenic artist completely out of their plans. It is perfectly true that the Gluck-Angiolini or Gluck-Noverre combinations did not invariably make decor a functional part of their art, but Boquet and Cambini the artists they had most contact with were hardly the equals of Bakst and Benois, the creators of *Sylphides* and *Petrouchka.* However, the combination of a first rate musician and a first rate dancer and the talent of Boquet went a long way toward creating great ballet.

The end of Gluck's career does not coincide with the end of the eighteenth century, but it does come at the end of the *ancien regime* in France, before the French Revolution. Gluck's welding together of the elements of pantomine and abstract ballet provides the culminating achievement to the efforts of a series of French musicians, Lully, Campra, Rameau, and although much of Gluck's work was done in Vienna, certainly a major part of the inspiration came from his contact with the French school. The struggles he endured there made him fight to impress his audience, which he did, and the contacts he made were of mutual benefit to Gluck and the Parisians.

The way that Gluck's and Angiolini's importance can be traced in French ballet history is through Noverre who choreographed ballets in Gluck's operas. Gluck's finest operas came after his ballets, and he borrowed ballet airs to include in his operas. (The dance of the Furies in *Alceste* comes from *Don Juan.*) The fact that Angiolini did not go to Paris has nothing to do with the influence of Gluck and Angiolini because Noverre worked there, and despite Angiolini's and Noverre's constant quarreling over Noverre's long programs, and Angiolini's system of dance notation, their ideas were much the same. Angiolini never developed a formula to which he adhered to the point of staleness. He soundly rated Aristotle's 3 unities of time, place, and action, because he said that ballet was not drama and therefore was not subject to such limitations, and yet Angiolini followed Aristotle in *Don Juan,* one of the greatest of the 40 ballets he created in Italy and Vienna. Angiolini's quarrelsome mess — he wanted Noverre to give credit to Hilferding— is perhaps what made him unpopular.

Gluck's only ballets of which record has survived were choreographed by Angiolini (1723-1796), and while but two of them have been revived in recent times, their influence on subsequent artists has none the less been great. Gluck was the first theatrical musician to realize that every emotional situation demanded different treatment and that blind adherence to the existing forms, however, lovely and varied they were, was bound to leave a flat effect. Like Noverre, Gluck sought to make technical achievement produce an emotional response. Although both the musician and the dancer possessed the acme of technique, neither was interested in using it to dazzle the spectator. Instead Gluck's music in his operas as well as his ballets was so perfectly fashioned to present the situation to the spectators that at least two different modern choreographers, Balanchine and Ninette de Valois, have attempted pantomine versions of *Orpheus et Euridice.* This is not a proof of the folly of modern choreographers, but rather of the genius of the composer. By purification of style and the basing of his themes on what the *philosophes* called "nature" as opposed to formalism, Gluck rose above fashion and gave his work an international flavor, which Rameau had never been able to achieve. Gluck was superior to Starzer, Rudolf, Asplmayer, Deller though part of the public never admitted it. Gretry, who with a certain amount of justification set out to write melodious ballet and produced several masterpieces such as *Cephal et Procris,* was their favorite composer.

A list of Gluck's ballets includes *Semiramis* (Vienna, January 31, 1765), a tragic ballet in 14 parts, based on Voltaire's tragedy. It is particularly powerful in the last act. The style of the music recalls Rameau. A second one was *Alexanderfest* (Vienna 1770) based on Dryden's tragedy. In the same year *The Prince from China* a happy ballet in 5 acts (overture and 14 parts), based on Voltaire's play was presented in Vienna. This may be an indication of the widespread enthusiasm for Chinese civilization. Voltaire was greatly interested in all forms of the theatre. The most famous of all was *Don Juan* (Vienna 1760). Three of the four—have a French background.

The music of *Don Juan* (overture and 31 parts) is known today to ballet audiences by reason of the revival staged by Fokine with sets by Andreau in 1936, and has also formed part of a concert suite. Gluck's score for *Don Juan* was prefaced by a statement of Angiolini that this was the first ballet of its kind, that the music spoke and was thus an essential part of the pantomine. The pantomine of the first act and the more abstract following sections were thus united by music. For the first time Gluck left out the irrelevancies in the story and in the musical treatment of the gay cavalier, and dealt simply with the Don and how he paid for his profligacy. The literary work which is said to be back of this ballet is Moliere's version of *Don Juan.* Gluck's treatment inevitably invites comparison with Mozart's *Don Giovanni,* and it seems likely that Mozart saw *Don Juan* or heard about it from Noverre, because similarities between the two are found even in the overtures, both built on the keys of D major and minor. There was a good deal of conscious and unconscious pilfering of thematic material and form in eighteenth century art. The artists Watteau and Boucher found very little that was not common property and the same went for Angiolini and Noverre.

Thus Gluck and Angiolini, and Noverre, closed a period of great achievement within given forms and began the advance toward new forms with greater emotional impact, that the romanticists were to take up with such alacrity. Not only did Gluck make the technical contributions of introducing trombones, harps, improved use of syncope, powerful insistent rhythms, but like Corneille he (with his choreographers) endowed France with a series of sublime tragedies. Their contribution was not swept away by the intolerant refusal of the revolution to leave the good of the old edifice standing.

DANCE EVENTS

Reviewed by
ALBERTINA VITAK

ULLA SOEDERBAUM *and members of the cast of the Ballet Jooss in a tense moment from Drums Sound in Hackensack, a ballet by Agnes De Mille, newly created for this company.*

JOOSS BALLET, *Maxine Elliott Theatre,* October 2.

Once again, after too long an absence, the Jooss Ballet opened the dance season. It lured out most of the familiar balletomanes even though no new works were presented. This small theatre was ideal for this intimate type of dance production, and it was altogether good to have the company back again. Although many of the original members are missing, and there are not so many talented soloists as before, the present company has more unity as a group. Taken as a whole the dancers are all finished artists and seemed more skillful technically than formerly. Each possesses verve and almost unbelievably fleet lightness. And thank goodness for the lightness since frequently the dancing veers too much toward jumpiness and repetitiousness. At times it is only Jooss' extraordinary sense of theatre which covers some too naive or obvious bit of choreography.

The *Green Table,* which was the feature of the opening performance, remains a masterpiece of theatre dance art. Its timely message of the tragic futility of war, carried even more force and poignancy today than when the work was composed in 1932 in Paris where it won an international award. The role of *Death,* formerly danced by Jooss himself, was given a magnificent interpretation by Rolf Alexander. The sheer power of his execution knit the whole work together even more solidly than I had remembered it to be.

For originality of form and imaginativeness, the *Big City* also remains one of Jooss' finest ballets. Indeed, this particular work served as a model or inspiration for innumerable dance compositions, although not one ever succeeded in being anything but a weak imitation. Yet, there is no denying that the *Big City* now is dated in the sense that it represents one very definite period in the development of the modern dance. As such it will always be unique. Hans Zullig still dances the main role of the *Workman,* with a dramatic intensity that makes his performance a memorable one in the dance world. Noelle de Mosa is still lovely as the *Young Girl.* Her feet point and step around quite exquisitely.

Less unusual but gay with the spirit of dance, the *Ball in Old Vienna* is always enjoyed by audiences. As a matter of fact, this friendly audience seemed so avid for amusement that they laughed somewhat too heartily. I venture to say even Mr. Jooss would say it wasn't all that funny. Neither was the comic ballet, the *Seven Heroes,* from Grimm's fairy tale, which was a trifle overplayed at the opening.

Of the New York *premiere* of *A Spring Tale* not much can be praised. It is decidedly too balletic (for this company) with no particular originality in either choreographic designs or individual steps. Most of the costumes are over elaborate, fussy and lack line. They need a setting and somehow seem to accentuate the lack of décor. The black velvet stage drop, background for all the ballets, made it look like a rehearsal scene. The content is pretty silly at times, with even a *Bogey Man* (!) jumping around. However, it has a few charming portions and all of it was brilliantly executed by every one and especially Hans Zullig, who dominated the stage whenever he appeared. His balletic technique is really impressive. He has strength, fluidity and lots of personal style.

The *Prodigal Son* was again brought forth. It has many fine moments of drama and dance invention. Rolf Alexander gave a sensitive portrayal of the *Son.* Elsa Kahl showed the skill of much experience in her poised movement with deep feeling as the *Mother;* also Jack Gansert was excellent as the *Mysterious Companion.* Otherwise the ballet has too much of merely bodies leaping around and not expressing enough while so doing.

The most important offering of the season was the *premiere* of *Drums Sound in Hackensack* by our own Agnes De Mille, who is the first outsider to do choreography for the Jooss Company. Perhaps she was too good a choice as her choreography, viewed from a general point, has more vitality, quicker wit and theatrical zip, although this particular work often falls a wee bit short at times in the matter of subtlety. Some of the comic action even verges jarringly on the too broad side, although these edges will no doubt be smoothed off ere this appears in print. It is certain to be one of the popular items in the repertoire which did need some new life. Miss de Mille deftly created an opportunity for some serious group dancing in modern style by the invention of the characters *Unhappy Premonitions,* and, with the aid of good lighting, achieved some exciting effects, though it was far too long. She expressed the persistence of a premonition by short recurrent phrases of dance, with repeated entrances of dancers, singly or in groups, in very emphatic movements that gradually diminished in form and intensity until it seemed the fears were banished only to reappear more forcefully again and again. As for the title, a more unballetic sounding one, I can't imagine.

Not the least part of the ballet's success can be credited to the delightful dancing and miming of the main role by a young Miss Ulla Soederbaum. Her's is one of the talents the company has kept hidden so far. In fact every one in the cast gave splendid performances. The costuming was adequate, perhaps in a few cases too evidently designed for laughs or too stagey.

Ballade has a real charm of movement and delicacy of style that warrants its being retained in the repertoire.

Others not mentioned but deserving of praise are Henry Shwarz, Jack Skinner, Eva Leckstroem, Maya Rovida, Bunty Slack and Margerite de Anguera.

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BEST FOOT FORWARD, *a George Abbott Musical Comedy, at the Barrymore Theatre.*

What *is* this anyhow? A new trend? We sneaked up behind *Best Foot Forward* and found a musical comedy minus social significance, minus hare-brained slapstick bordering upon insanity, minus cloying boudoir siuations and minus dialogue which hits a ten below zero degree in bad taste. Frankly, we'd nearly forgotten our own adolescence, so remote is it, when we laid eyes upon this springlike tale of June in Dutch Pennsylvania, the spirit of old Winsocki buckling down (under what we never found out) somebody or other's first prom, the barrelhouse, the boogie-woogie and the blues, hey! The book ought decently to be sent back to its maker, shame on him. May he end up in Hollywood. The music except for *Buckle Down, Winsocki* and several inspired boogie-woogie confections, is strictly dry. The lyrics, however, are smart, but the costumes-ah! And the dances-oh!

First, when we finally perceived that we were not going to be peppered from the stage with beans as at *Hellzapoppin* or to be used as an overstuffed chair by a footlight-leaping comic as at *It Happens on Ice* we buckled happily down and learned that Bud Hooper, this young Dutch Pennsylvanian Henry Aldrich (you know the type, we hope), thinking no harm, and never expecting or hoping for an answer, had addressed an invitation to his Prom to one Gale Joy, Hollywood's sweater girl. Well, he was wrong. The sweater girl, glamourously well-done by Rosemary

(*Continued on page* 28)

Hollywood Rediscoverth

Photos: Warner Brothers

If these scenes are any indication, the movies have come a long way from the early stunted ballet films of the days of Pavlova and the "Dumb Girl of Portici." In brightest technicolor the adventurous Warner Brothers have filmed three glamourous and highly diverting works. On the left are two ballets from the repertoire of, and danced by the members of the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, "Capriccio Espagnol" and "Gaite Parisienne." To the right appears KATHARINE DUNHAM *and her all-negro company in "Carnival of Rhythmn," a West Indian ballet with choreography by Dunham. These exciting short subjects are to be released shortly before Christmas as a novel Christmas present from the Warner Brothers to a dance-loving public.*

To the left: Behold the startled Peruvian (Leonide Massine). Upon his arrival in Paris, the first object in his path is a pair of fiercely osculating "Parisiennes" (Milada Mladova and Frederic Franklin). Small wonder his feet and eyebrows shoot so rapidly upward. This is a scene from "Gaite Parisienne.

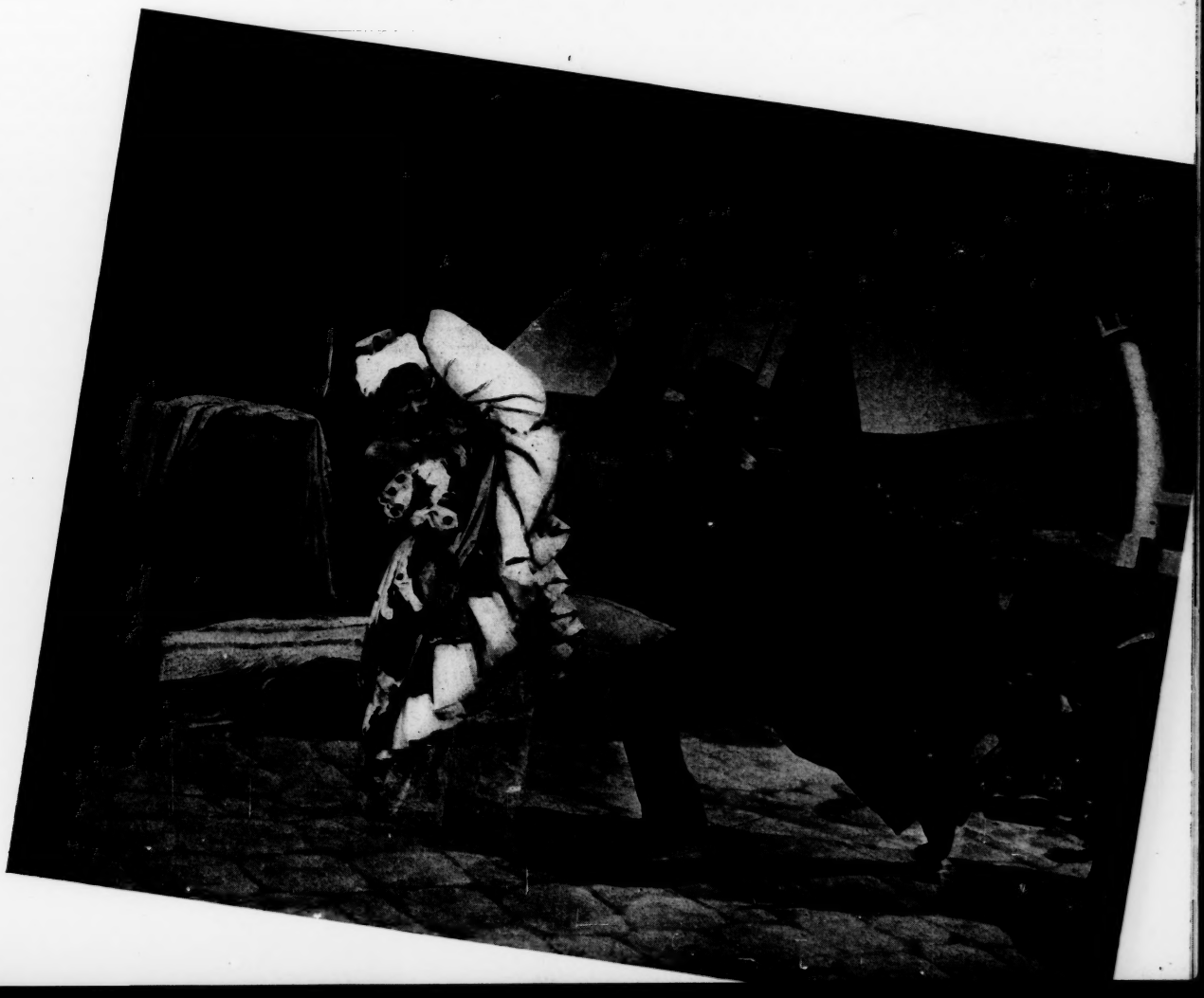
Below: Fete a Dieu in the heart of a Spanish country village. The three Paisanos absorbed in a thrilling farruca are, from left to right, CASIMIR KOKITCH, TAMARA TOUMANOVA, *and* LEONIDE MASSINE. *This is a scene from "Capriccio Espagnol."*

he Ballet

By Dorathi Bock Pierre

To the right: A market scene in a West Indian Island, vivid, happy and noisy. The beautiful vendor of fruits is KATHARINE DUNHAM. *This is from the "Carnival of Rhythm."*

Below: KATHARINE DUNHAM *and* ARCHIE SAVAGE *engage in a highly amusing dance of courtship, while in the background sits another suitor, woebegone and neglected for the moment.*



Via the GRAPE VINE

by Veritas

VALYA VALENTINOFF *in an action photo taken in New Orleans during the St. Louis Opera Co. season*

AT a dress rehearsal of *Labyrinth,* the new surrealist Dali-Massine collaboration at the Metropolitan Opera House, the unlucky Salvador Dali, meaning no harm by it, requested that a hook be lowered from the flies to afford him a surrealist mode of egress from the scene. As nobody had consulted the hook about it, it caught him on the face and nearly mangled him. Dali and the hook are both doing well. Thus the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe is off to another brilliant season. Two other interesting *premieres* are on view. The *Magic Swan* is, as you suspected all along, a revival of the third act of *Swan Lake,* and has not been seen these many, many years. Not that it is of any importance to the season, but what, we ask, what would the harpomarx shop-window dressers of fashionable 57th street *do* without the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe? The decor and costumes of the company's large *repertoire* are run happily amok in every window on that street. This company has had no rest to speak of with its many jumps around the country from New York to Texas, to Hollywood, to Canada (by the skin of its teeth it got into Toronto a week ahead of the Original Ballet Russee) and now it is in New York for a three week season prior to leaving for another trans-continental tour. During its sojourn in Hollywood, it filmed two technicolor shorts for Warner Brothers. pictures of which appear elsewhere in this issue. And it is presently to do others for the same producer. The one thing we hope we'll be spared is hearing its name changed to the Hollywood Ballet Russe, as they are going to be much thicker with Hollywood than with Monte Carlo, God wot. . . .

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Dispatch from Canada: In the Russian zone (ballet. not war) the reports are that they've had to set chairs on the stage of His Majesty's Theatre in Montreal, where Colonel de Basil's company has been playing, for the overflow from the house and aisles. Well, all they really want is to see the show, and personally, we wish we were there with them. The topography of this company is still in flux. One comes; the other goes. Galina Razoumova, Tamara Grigorieva's half-sister goes. She goes to New York to join the Ballet Theatre, where she will be near her heartbeat, Yura Lazovsky. Lila Zalipskaya comes. She comes from the defunct Mordkin Ballet, and a brief period with the Ballet Theatre. Michael Panaieff is on his way to join Massine. This neither saddens nor maddens us. Just so we can see him somewhere, that is all we require. A few domestic changes have occurred, and may occur, if we are any judge of the temperature. From our eyrie on 57th street, we look northward and advise Nana Gollner and Paul Petroff to watch out where they are stepping. Or else—ding, dong! You know what bells we mean. Bells have already clanged for Yurek Shabelevsky and his new spouse, the former Rita Walker of Chile (S. A.). Mme. Shabelevsky is a poetess. Besides, she is very blond, very chic, and very much the glamour girl. She is part Chilean-Spanish, part Irish. May the dancer and the poetess live happily ever after. The only casualty reported is of Morosova slipping on her elbow (how?) in *Coq D'Or.* Into the breach stepped Grigorieva. There is nothing about the repertoire or the management that this bright young woman does not know. Someday that she-"dabbil" Grigorieva will direct, dance, lead the orchestra, manage the lights and ring down the curtain, all by herself, mark our solemn word. What we do mean is that she has a very promising career ahead. Best of all the news on a cold, cheerless day is the report that David Lichine is at work on a new ballet called *Hurray for Victory.* We do hope this is victory ballet to end all other victory ballets. Thank you, David, and hurrah from us.

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The Littlefield Ballet, reduced to a bare sixteen souls, returns this year to the Chicago Opera, having nosed out the Ballet Theatre which, last year, displaced it for a brief season. . . . Radio City Music Hall allows you a peep at Arthur Mahoney disguised as a shepherd, and toting around a gigantic crook. An amusing show. . . . Paul Haakon, who has been both a Harlequin and a Scarecrow in recent shows at the Music Hall, moves over to Loew's state with Patricia Bowman, for a week's run. The latter was to have gone to the Copacabana in Rio de Janeiro with Jack Potteiger, but the best laid plans of this and that gang aft agley, as you well know. . . . You'd expect an understudy to deserve the chance he waits for, straining at the leash in the wings, and hoping the next show will give him his chance, but for star-crossed Michael Kidd the opportunity came as a mischance. The day Paul Haakon twisted an ankle during his Harlequin show at the Music Hall, and Michael was to have gone on in his place, Michael upset the apple-cart by twisting his own ankle, too. A dancers life is a merry life, heigh-ho. . . . Marie Jeanne's mother had a phone call from Santiago de Chile not long ago. It was her ballerina daughter calling to say merely that it was a lovely day, and she was very well. Pardon us a moment, it just occurred to us we haven't phoned a friend of our in Cape Town for the longest time. . . . Catherine Littlefield Leidy is in Reno, dissolving the

Leidy from her name. What put the frost on this? Another tie that is slipping is between Yvonne Patterson and William Dollar. What must be, must be, of course. Yvonne's new romance is a wealthy South American, and Bill's, a blonde in the same company, the American Ballet. . . .

Bill! This can't be *our* Bill Pillich who has divorced tap and ballet, and is cutting figures eight in the Sonja Henie Ice Show out at Indianapolis. Heck, it is our Bill, and we're not sure we'll ever speak to him again after this base desertion. Not but what we've got to admit he's as good on ice as off it. . . . Like the cigarette ad, you can say of Constantine, the photographer since his return from Mexico, something new has been added. Now he is a novillero. That, if you are curious, is a sprouting bullfighter. And that is what was added to Con in Mexico. . . . They lined them up, pushed them north and south, made them dye their hair and beards, had them go through the silliest casting motions ever seen, promised to use a ballet, and then—a bell rang in some head, and the whole ballet was scratched, and a tap line cast in its stead. This is the history of more than one sad, mad musical comedy casting trick. It happened during the casting for the Eddie Cantor show, this time. . . . There is a Soviet short making the rounds of the newsreel theatres this season which calls itself *Bayaderka* (pronounced Bayadyerka) which purports to show off the cream of Soviet Russian ballet talent. If we didn't really know that there *is* talent in the *Maryinsky*, the *Bolshoi*, etc., *Bayaderka* would make us awfully sick. If it were not for the presence of the incomparable Chaboukianin in this amteurish effusion, we should cry, "take back your *Bayaderka*, and just leave us your Chaboukianin." Loaded down with ostrich feathers and chiffon pants, he is, in spite of these obstacles, still one of the most breath-taking dancers we've ever seen. . . . Valya Valentinoff, of whom we never see a photo with his feet on the floor like other humans, has planted both his feet in the new crazy house, otherwise known as Olsen and Johnson's *Sons of Fun* (its title until someone changes his mind about it). He is slated to do a dance sketch as *Charley's Aunt*, an old lady much in the public eye recently. Valya and Sally Rand are no longer in the groove, his place having been taken by a cowboy. He doesn't look as if he particularly cared. . . . Bob Alton is doing the dances for the afore-mentioned *Sons of Fun*. . . . The snatching of choreographers from the ballet field into musical comedy is reaching epidemic proportions. New victims are reported daily but nothing definite is said about who is going to do what—yet. . . . Gene Loring did not resume diplomatic relations with the Ballet Theatre this fall, but is camping out, instead, in Saroyanaland somewhere, as he prefers, for the present, to stay in the legitimate theatre. . . . Its George Chaffee back again in the limelight, where he belongs. Its good to see George out of the anonymous dark. He is the leading dancer of the ballet of the New Opera Company, newly hatched from a rather swanky egg, in conjunction with the season of which the Ballet Theatre will appear. The ballet which appears in the opera will, however, be distinctly not the Ballet Theatre, but another company directed by Igor Schwezoff. . . . *Bide-a-wee Corner:* Michael Kidd's cat has kittened. Alexis Dolinoff's talking myna now has a vocabulary like a 52nd street taxi-driver. Mary Smith (Met ballet) has a little lamb, and wherever Mary goes, the lamb is sure to follow. What if it isn't a lamb; suppose it *is* a dog. Well it *looks* like a lamb. That Mary Smith never was much of a pioneer 'til now. *Obituaries:* Leon Danielian's spaniel. Duffield, is cut down in his early puppyhood, by distemper. Also mowed down is Jessie Saunders' scotty, Donnie (or Donny, who knows?) whose death was even more violent, poor little black fellow. . . . *Odyssey:* Across the world from one war zone into another, that is the odyssey of Paul Szilard, Hungarian refugee ballet dancer, who, never having set foot in America in all his life, stepped off the gangplank of the *Excambion*, walked over to a news-stand, bought a copy of the AMERICAN DANCER, took a taxi to our office, chatted awhile about dancers in Europe, betook himself to Michael Kidd's for some new photographs, and two days later took train for San Francisco, and from thence, ship for the Philippine Islands, and Manila. And that is where he is today, dancing in concert, in Manila, after journeying half-way across the world at rocket-speed. This story somehow seems to belong in the Amazing Stories magazine, or in Buck Rogers' world, a world of rocket travel; Mr. Szilard's pace is somewhat beyond us. . . . Some people will go anywhere in the world where Ruth St.

(*Continued on page 27*)

LOLITA *and* ARDO, *rising stars in the ballroom dance field, who have made a sensation in Hollywood at Earl Carroll's Theatre Restaurant.*

FRED ASTAIRE *and* RITA HAYWORTH *as they appear, cadet and bride, in the Columbia picture, "You'll Never Get Rich."*

B U L L

Dancing Masters

By LEROY THAYER, cr

With this issue of THE AMERICAN DANCER the new officers of THE DANCING MASTERS OF AMERICA come into focus. It may be trite to say that these officers come into service imbued with a sincere desire to serve you and the profession through this organization, but after several years in various official capacities in the D. M. of A., I can honestly assure you that the start of every new year sees those whom you have chosen to function in your behalf literally roll up their sleeves and go forth with high purpose. There is only one reason why this purpose should, or would, lag in any sense, and that is when it suffers from a seeming lack of interest or appreciation from the membership at large.

We are ready and willing to do the work, but you must give us your moral support . . . let us hear from you from time to time and make it possible for us to carry out your wishes by expressing them to us. This Bulletin, for instance, is yours to use in any way that will be of value to the profession. If it is to set a standard of information and service to our fellows members, it will be because we all give our wholehearted energy and intelligence to it. If each member contributed just one worth-while item once during the year, the benefits of a Bulletin would be greatly multiplied. So make a note on your calendar that you are going to send the Secretary at least one item that will be of general interest—and do it!

At this time, I would like to express my personal thanks for the hundreds of letters of congratulation and expressions of confidence which have poured in since my election to the office of Secretary-Treasurer. It is gratifying to realize that a majority of the members are my well-wishers in this new undertaking and they give increasing importance to my oft-repeated promise to keep the trust most sacred.

On the opposite page appears a picture of our charming President, Mrs. Anna M. Greene of Boston, who, incidentally, is the second woman to hold this office. Mrs. Greene very capably speaks for herself in a message to D. M. of A. members which is published with her picture, but as Past President may I be permitted to say that it was a privilege to turn the office over to one so well qualified and to congratulate the organization on its selection.

Facsimile of Letter from Mrs. Greene

May I express my sincere appreciation for the confidence bestowed in me by electing me to this most important office—President of the Dancing Masters of America. I feel especially honored when I realize that this is only the second time in all the years of existence of the organization that you have chosen a woman for your President. I am fully aware of the responsibility that is vested in the President of the Dancing Masters of America, and I assure you that I will be true to the highest ideals of our organization and tireless in my efforts to further your cause and advance the profession in every way possible.

The days since convention have already been busy with plans for the next year and I expect to have several announcements of importance to all members for the next issue of our Bulletin.

At this time, I would like to acknowledge and thank you for the many messages of congratulation which I have received since my election.

To each and every one of you, I send my heartiest greetings and wishes for a most successful and happy season.

ANNA M. GREENE.

Club Activities

CLUB No. 2. The Florida Society of Teachers of Dancing held a meeting at the Tampa Terrace Hotel, Tampa, Sunday, September 14. Among the important matters acted upon were:

RESOLUTION: The Florida Society of Teachers of Dancing wishes to go on record that hereafter it will defer to the Dancing Masters of America, in re: publicity, and will hereafter follow all reasonable dictates of its mother club, hoping as a result that all affiliated clubs will follow in our footsteps, thereby promoting a closer harmony among all members of the Dancing Masters of America.

RESOLUTION: Be it resolved, that the Florida Society of Teachers of Dancing will adopt and use the Constitution and By-Laws, Code of Ethics and Examinations of the Dancing Masters of America.

A three hour forum was presented in connection with the meeting. Teachers were: Theresa Thames, Morelle Buchanan, Mildred Lauger, Mrs. Myrtle Byron, Ella Mae Holder and the subjects taught were tap, baby work, children's ballroom, Spanish, and the V Dance. Plans were completed for the anuual Christmas convention. Morelle Buchanan, President presided.

In looking over the report of this club, it is gratifying to note that this is the first club to put into effect plans resultiing from discussions which took place at the recent convention in New York.

CLUB No. 7. The Dancing Teachers' Club of Boston held its first meeting for the 1941-1942 season at Katharine O'Gorman's Studio, September 21. Guests of honor were Mrs. Anna M. Greene, President of the D. M. of A. and member of the Dancing Teachers' Club of Boston, and Mr. Leroy H. Thayer, Secretary-Treasurer of the D. M. of A. Mrs. Greene and Mr. Thayer received unanimous votes of cooperation and confidence from the assembled members.

The death of Miss Florence Baker, one of the Club members of long standing was announced, and the members stood for a moment of silence in respect to Miss Baker, who had been one of the past presidents of the Club, and had been active in all Club affairs.

Miss Ruth I. Zyrne, President of the Club, presided, and invited the members to be her guests at the October meeting to be held at the Hotel Lenox, after which afternoon tea will be served.

The program for the day included "Hoopla," a tap routine by Lois Gingras, the "V Dance" by Mrs. Doris Tower, "Carry-on" and ballroom combinations by Ruth Byrne.

CLUB No. 15. The Dancing Masters of North Carolina held its first meeting of the season on Sunday, October 5, at the Virginia Earle Studio, Asheville, North Carolina. The session convened at 10 A. M. with instruction in acrobatics by Eleanor Moffet: baby work by Louise Norman Williams; intermediate ballet by Virginia Earle. There was a business meeting followed by a short program by Asheville dancers.

CLUB No. 17. The National Capital Dance Association met Sunday, September 21, at the studio of Leroy H. Thayer, Washington, D. C. Plans were formulated for the annual Material Course to be given November 16 at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington. Members of the faculty for the September meeting were Mildred Bryn and Eloise Poska. The next monthly meeting of the Club will be held on October 19, at the home of Mrs. Jack Hoffman, Washington, D. C.

E T I N

f America, Inc.

retary-Treasurer

ANNA M. GREENE

CLUB No. 18. The Dancing Teachers Club of Connecticut held its annual all-day session at the Walter U. Soby Studio in Hartford, Sunday, Sept. 28. Several prominent teachers were featured, among them Dorothy Kaiser, Milda Butsova, and Carlton Richardson.

CLUB No. 24. The Dance Educators of America held its first meeting of the season with an attendance that outnumbered all previous "closed" sessions. The meeting was held at the Park Central Hotel on Sunday, September 28. The faculty for the day included Gerald Cummins, Nadia Gueral, Franklyn Oakley and Margaret Burton Inslee.

At the business meeting which followed the material program, plans for the DEA's Christmas Normal were discussed. This will probably be a two-day session between Christmas and New Year's Day.

Mary O'Moore, DEA President and Chairman of the D. M. of A's. Terminology Committee was accorded a rising vote of thanks for herself and her co-workers for the splendid work accomplished to date in the effort to establish a vocabulary of dance terms.

At the next meeting, to be held on Sunday, October 26, nominations for officers and directors for 1942, will be made. Balloting on the nominees will take place in November, and installation ceremonies will be a feature of the Christmas Session.

Secretary-Treasurer Thomas E. Parson reported that, in accordance with measures proposed by DEA delegates at the D. M. of A. convention, and which were adopted, several applications for membership had been returned, with instructions to apply to the Affiliate Club nearest place of business; also, that for the present at least, the DEA would discontinue publication in its previous form the Official Bulletin. Hereafter, the Bulletin will be mailed only to members.

President O'Moore appealed to the members present to lend their complete cooperation to the precepts of the D. M. of A's. recently reorganized Affiliation Plan, explaining that individual advantages of membership "are bound to be measurably increased" by working together for "a stronger national organization."

Personals

Marian Haslett of Bartlesville, Oklahoma, is in line for congratulations. In her twenty years as a member of the D. M. of A., she has not missed one of our conventions. It's a marvelous record, Miss Haslett . . . . all comments coming to this desk are loud in praise of the faculty and material offered at the 1941 convention . . . . . also high praises are being heard of the wonderful normal school show which was arranged by our beloved Dean of Women Vida Godwin . . . . . Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Byers, Jr. (Martha Rose of Pittsburgh) announce the arrival of a nine pound daughter, Barbara Louise, on September 7 . . . . Jack Dayton, Fourth Vice President of the D. M. of A., is now on the staff of the Leroy Thayer Studios, Washington, D. C. . . . . Walter U. Soby, of Hartford, Connecticut, reports a greater attendance in all classes this year and is considering plans to convert some of his studio space into individual studios for private lessons . . . . . Galveston members Vida Godwin and Leona Mellen report no damage to their establishments in the recent tropical storm. . . . . Paul Mathis is now teaching in Mobile, Alabama, at the Naomi Webb Studios . . . . . Dorothy Perkins is author of an excellent treatise on Body Mechanics recently presented in lecture form. This office is attempting to secure it for publication in the near future in THE AMERICAN DANCER . . . . . Mrs. Theresa Jacques of Pittsburgh, attending the Recreational Congress in Baltimore recently, took time out to have dinner with friends at the Shoreham Hotel in Washington, D. C.

The "V Dance"

The D. M. of A. official V Dance (featured in last month's AMERICAN DANCER) has been receiving good notice throughout the country. Composed by members in attendance at the August convention to be danced to the song "Keep a V in Every Heart"; the only snag the dance has struck so far is a delay in publication of the orchestration. Teachers are urged to request the music at local stores, thereby indicating a sufficient demand to warrant faster action on the part of the publishers.

Publicity received to date includes a newspaper page of pictures featuring pupils of the Freiberg School of Louisville, Kentucky; a strip of pictures posed by Leroy Thayer teachers in Washington, D. C., a full page of pictures and write-up in connection with the Dancing Teachers' Club of Boston's convention; introduction of the dance at the Ritz Theatre in Anniston, Alabama, by Zenobia King; Marcella Donovan of Houston, Texas, reports teaching the V Dance at an army camp and leading hotels in Houston; an article in the Hartford Times describing the dance as taught by Carleton Richardson at the Connecticut Club meeting in Walter U. Soby's Studio on September 28; and cooperation of the British-American Ambulance Corps on a fashion show in Washington, D. C. Alberto Galo is cooperating and has been instrumental in having the Ashburns introduce and teach the dance at the Rainbow Grill in New York. He has also taught the dance to a number of his teams who will in turn demonstrate it at various hotels and clubs.

1942 Plans

Following the meeting of the Dancing Teachers' Club of Boston, Mrs. Anna M. Greene and Leroy H. Thayer, newly elected D. M. of A. President and Secretary-Treasurer, respectively, went to Hartford, Connecticut, for final conferences with Walter U. Soby in connection with the transfer of the office of Secretary-Treasurer. They then went to New York where they spent considerable time investigating hotel arrangements for the 1942 convention and otherwise laying plans for the ensuing year.

Terminology

The Dancing Masters of America gratefully acknowledges the outstanding work of the Terminology Committee. Mary O'Moore, Chairman of this committee, and her co-workers are to be congratulated on the splendid material which they have given us. There has long been a need for a generalized and understandable language of the Dance such as this committee has presented.

In the next issue of the THE AMERICAN DANCER there will be an interesting article written by Miss O'Moore clarifying the objectives of the D. M. of A. Terminology Committee whose report was accepted at the last convention.

STUDENT AND STUDIO

HONOR ROLL

● NEW YORK, N. Y.—When finally the smoke of battle cleared over the scholarship competition at the School of American Ballet on October 5, four weary and happy little girls stood forth to receive their prizes, one year of study at the great dance center center founded by Lincoln Kirstein. The lucky winners come from far and wide, range in age from nine to sixteen. They are: Peggy Karkus, nine, of Brooklyn, winner in the beginner's class; Sheila Haglund, nine, of the Bronx, children's class; Yvonne Chouteau, twelve, of Oklahoma, intermediate class; Catherine Scales, sixteen, of Fort Worth, Texas, advanced division. A special award was made to Pauline Goddard, fourteen, from Sao Paulo, Brazil. In addition to the school's faculty, three additional judges were Leonide Massine, Alexandra Danilova and Florence Rogge. Last year, the school, which is now in its ninth year, attracted 130 contestants from far-flung points in the Americas. This year the number was as great. A photo of the young champions will appear in the AMERICAN DANCER for November.

●

The growing body of admirers of La Meri and her group will sing hosannas upon hearing that she has moved her school to the Master Institute of Arts and will stage her recitals and lecture-demonstrations in the Institute's *Intimate Theatre.* Since the inception of the School of Natya's reunions in May, 1940, it became increasingly difficult to accomodate the numbers of interested followers of La Meri who tried to gain entrance to the smaller studio she has given up. The *Theatre Intime* was an inspired solution. After October 1 these reunions will be monthly occurances, and tickets will be by subscription or, if obtainable at all, at the box-office. La Meri, herself, has migrated to Upper Montclair, where she sheds her light upon those fortunate enough to study with her there. She has been booked for the winter by Vera Bull Hull for a recital tour of twenty appearances in New England, the Eastern and middle-western states besides two appearances at the Washington Irving High School. The first appearance of La Meri and her group at the Master Institute on October 8 was hailed with deserved enthusiasm, and a crowded house called repeatedly for encores. Herewith is a complete list of the forthcoming appearances of La Meri and group for the coming season at the Master Institute Theatre:

Six dance performances: October 22nd: The Hindu Dance; November 19th: Hindu Natya; December 10: Spanish Dances; January 14th: Oriental Dances; February 11th: Folk Dances of Many Lands; March 11th: to be announced later. Six lectures by La Meri in the Lecture Hall of the Master Institute: November 5th: The Trimurti; December 3rd: Javanese dancing; January 7th: Japanese dancing; February 4th: Spanish dancing; March 4th: Hawaiian and Maori dancing; April 1st: Chinese Dancing.

●

Sonia Serova takes over ballet classes this winter at the Susanne Sawyer School in Monclair, N. J., and together with her assistants, John Butler and Gerald Cummins, will also teach adagio. On October 18 at the China Clipper Cabaret held in the Horn and Hardart restaurant on E. 45th street, Mme. Serova presented John Butler, Ann Mohan, Lois Jarman and Gerald Cummins, in a new ballroom craze entitled the China Clipper walk, which is slightly reminiscent of the now fading Lambeth walk. This was a benefit for the United China Relief, the inspiration for this coming from Miss Jamman, and the execution being Mr. Butler's own. Specially created music and lyrics were written by respectively, Norma Norton and Ethel Powell.

●

Helen Muselle, pupil of Vincenzo Celli, has joined the De Basil Original Ballet Russe in Canada, as soloist. Miss Muselle has never studied except with Maestro Celli, and has

worked three unbroken years at the Radio City Music Hall, in the corps-de-ballet.

●

A studio recital at the school of Mme. Duval, featured two larger works known as the *Swan of Tuonela* and *La Source,* in addition to divertissements danced by Joze Duval, Igor Storojeff, Nathan Baker, and the ensemble. An exotic note was struck by the appearance of Shin Oayagi, who danced a suite of four Japanese dances. This recital on October 5 elicited cordial approval on the part of a large audience.

●

Bambi Linn, of the Michael Mordkin school, is to appear in small parts and to understudy other parts in the Ballet Theatre's forthcoming New York season. She was discovered in the Mordkin studio by the alert eye of Gerald Sevastianoff, company director, when he visited there on business regarding Mordkin's ballet *Voices of Spring.*

●

The winter season looks promising for Miltiades, prominent Greek teacher and dancer, who is turning his hand to new choreographic works, and has begun classes and rehearsals with the group that danced so unusually at numerous recitals in and out of town last year.

●

Maria Giue, whose picture appears in this month's Honor Roll, a pupil of LaRue and Yolanda, is the particular star of that school, and is showing exceptional choreographic talent. She expects to form her own company and tour the states with it this year. Her talents have been widely recognized: she has appeared recently in benefits for *Bundles for Britain* and at various U. S. O. affairs. Another Larue and Yolanda pupil, Betty Beenk, nearly made the grade for the Rockettes. She defaulted merely by age, being only fifteen. Frank La Rue has in the past had his shows produced at the Cafe Old Europe in town, and this winter is again negotiating to produce a show, using his pupils.

●

Dorothy Kaiser, of Glendale, is going to

(*Continued on page* 27)

The scene: Hamid's Million Dollar pier in Atlantic City. The cast: The pupils of the Phillips School of Dancing. Reading from left to right: 1st row: DAVIDA SOUTH, ELAINE AXELBUND, MARIE ORDILE, DOLORES BASKT. *2nd row, on toe:* RUTH CASSADY, DOROTHY KIESS, GLORIA ANGELLINI, MARIA MATTHEWS, LOIS CASSADY. *Center:* EDDIE *and* MYRTLE PHILIPS, *juvenile ballroom team. Top row:* MARY LOU COSTELLO, IRENE RONCASE, SHEILA and NANCY AXELBUND, RUTH WEINER, SUSANE O'HARE, ANN ELIZABETH SOUTH, GERALDINE COSTELLO.

HONOR ROLL

This page is graced with the following Honor Roll subjects appearing on the right: Top-row, left: Six honor students of the Ellen S. Peffer School, reading from left to right: PATSY GEIGER, JOYCE BOMGARDNER, JEAN BOMGARDNER, PATSY SULLIVAN, HELEN MAE NICOLL, *and* BETTY JANE NICOLS. *Top, right: The pupils of* DOROTHY PAFFENDORF, *reading from left to right:* ALICE WEIR, NOLA DELANEY, JOAN SCHRANG, AUDREY SCHRANG, *and* BETTY JOY ALLEN. *Center, left:* BETTY LOU BARRON, *teacher, of Rochester, N. Y. Center:* JEAN OLSEN, *seven-year-old tap pupil of* F. W. HOWELL *of Brooklyn, N. Y. Center right:* MARJORIE BARTH, *teacher, of Pittsburgh, Pa. Bottom, left: A group from the Elizabeth Durrell school of Atlantic City, N. J., in the Birthday of the Infanta. Bottom right:* FRANCIS HERMAN, *as she appears in "Salute to America," a pageant produced by* ELAINE ARNDT. *On the preceding page: Top, left:* JEAN GEIS, *pupil of* PETROFF SLABY *of Milwaukee, Wisc. Top, right:* MARIA GIUE, *in Le Cygne, a pupil of* LARUE & YOLANDA *of New York City. Center, left:* ELAINE LEVY, *pupil of* DOROTHY KAISER, *of Glendale L. I. Center:* SYLVIA HERRING, *niece of* HORACE HERRING *of Macon, Ga. Center, right:* GOLDIE KUNCE, *tap and acrobatic dancer of the Mamie Bath School of Pittsburgh, Pa. Bottom, left:* ROSEMARY SANKEY, *of Panama Hattie chorus, learning the rumba from* PHILIP DE REVUELTA *himself, in New York. Bottom, right:* BEVERLY WILSON, *Spanish dancer, pupil of* JOSE FERNANDEZ.

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D	I	■	E	A	S	I	L	Y	■	R				
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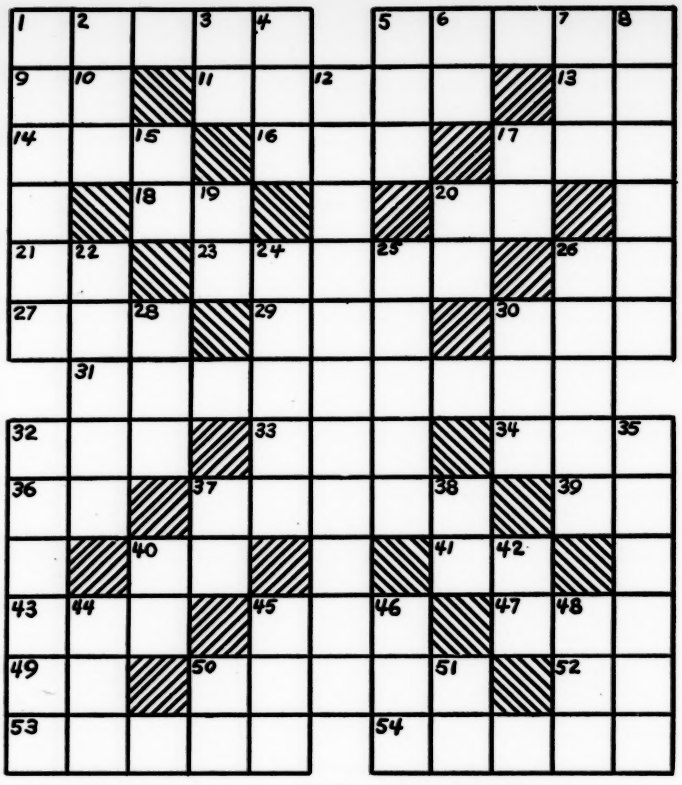
Key to September Puzzle ←



ACROSS

1. They call it this when debs come out;
   When a dancer makes it, may the headlines shout!
5. A tap-dancing term; goes with "tooth" and "nail";
   Also used by a scrubwoman with a pail.
9. Rehearsals are called for this time of day,
   To wilt you down for your matinee.
11. The Man in the comics with strength so keen;
    The extra who's hired for an opera's mob scene.
13. This is "knockout" in fight lingo,
    When the referee yells "Bingo!"
14. He's a Senator from out West
    Who pops buttons off his vest.
16. Present tense of "got";
    What an easy shot!
17. The step-child of A. F. of L.;
    As its head, Lewis does right well.
18. Deems Taylor's script for radio
    Will always be initiatled so.
20. First note when the scale you sing;
    Goes after "I" and a wedding ring.
21. Goes with "Penitente"—Miss Graham's creation;
    Or the train of cars at the station.
23. Serge is what his mamma named him;
    Hired acrobats but no one blamed him.
26. Of Hamlet's theme song it's a bit;
    Twixt "Lady" and "Good" 'twas a Broadway hit.
27. For wagon wheels in mud it's certain;
    When a dancer's in it—curtain!
29. Ameche has this for a handle;
    You also do it with a sandal.
30. With "what" before it, it means "why";
    With "ever" after it, it means "aye."
31. A ritzy performer calls this "repertoire";
    How big yours is, that's how good you are!
32. The word to say after dances,
    When a fresh guy makes advances.
33. This means "I love" if you speak Latin;
    Plus "co" it's gas in gay Manhattan.
34. Bowery bums say this for "yes";
    You shouldn't find it hard to guess!
36. When you're hunting for a job,
    You read this and join the mob.
37. If yours on life is right, you're wise;
    It's also the shape of a Chinaman's eyes.
39. It's "real estate" abbreviated;
    Those agents get you aggravated.
40. This is "Box Office" in the show,
    But on your person—Oh dear no!
41. Ruth Page's initials—she stands alone!
    She tours S. A. with Bentley Stone.
43. A rocky pinnacle or peak;
    You haven't very far to seek.
45. This describes the kind of stare
    You get when managers don't care.
47. Tillie the Toiler's little friend;
    A nickname when a guy won't spend.
49. When this on labels doctors write,
    You take their dose "tomorrow night."
50. Though these may knock, they can't be knobby;
    To keep them trim's a dancer's hobby.
52. Initials of the Bayou State;
    Goes with Paloma—that's your bait.
53. Dramatic dancer and composer;
    Last name's Holm to him who knows her.
54. With bananas a soda jerker makes it;
    At its best when a limber dancer takes it.

DOWN

1. The gal who must grin though her dogs be barking;
   The guy who must spin when he feels like parking.
2. Saint—Just is her last name, this East Indies tripper.
   Whose recent debut in New York was a "ripper."
3. These two initials they engrave
   On the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave.
4. This takes pull—not the boon-doggle kind;
   It can haul a boat. Got it in mind?
5. Here's one sure way to lose your cash,
   If with the ponies you get rash.
6. When these letters hit the track,
   They will get you there and back.
7. When you slide on snow or sleet,
   Wear this on your feet—and seat!
8. Slang for the guy who clogs and taps;
   He works like a horse and takes the raps.
12. Here's your public showing;
    Rehearsals make nice going.
15. That fellow Wynn who yelled "So-o-o"
    As Fire Chief on the radio.
17. Abbreviated "Company";
    Or else "cop" without the P.
19. Tizzie Lish initials this way;
    Also it's a verbal bouquet.
20. If you faint when you see a mouse,
    I hope this guy is in the house.
22. Ghastly pale is what this means;
    It's red or yellow in extremes.
24. Something to which you should cling,
    If you'd make your dance the thing.
25. Mrs. Dolin's great big boy—
    Ballet Theater's pride and joy.
26. This "Frog" named Charles, so suave and neat,
    Made love to Margaret in "Back Street."
28. Abbreviate the Lone Star State;
    It's Guinan's name—don't hesitate.
30. When lights are hot and house is stuffy,
    You do this, though you look so fluffy!
32. St. Denis does it in "Dance of the Senses";
    This Hindu dance has wierd suspenses.
35. This kid's the opposite of "ickie";
    At jump and jive he is a quickie.
37. With "what" it's modern slang
    For "I don't give a hang!"
38. These letters printed above the staff
    Make the music shake like a belly-laugh.
40. Metropolitan's master of the ballet:
    Boris Romanoff's initials go this way.
42. This means afternoon or night
    When you wind clock and douse light.
44. She's "Munson" in the telephone book:
    This "Hut-Sut" gal who in movies took.
45. They spell it "Claire" in Broadway lights—
    This actress who goes places nights.
46. This kind of man will always agree;
    When a gal says it, Cupid's in his glee.
48. Baba is his other name;
    He licked forty robbers at their game.
50. Blue-Grass State, abbreviated;
    Where the Derby's celebrated.
51. It's "spice" without "ice",
    And "splice" without "lice."

TRAVEL DIARY

(*Continued from page* 13)

larly remember with delight a visit to El Rincon, the beautiful farm or *estancia*, of Madame Julia Bulrich de Saint, who is devoted to all dancers and who entertained Eglevsky, Danilova, and many other dancers from the Ballet Russe at her house, last year. At El Rincon we met some real gauchos in their work clothes, who spoke *criollo*, the mixed language of the plains, and who showed us the movements used for throwing their types of lasso, and for branding cattle.

On returning from Uruguay, our ballet toured the Argentine provinces, giving a series of some twelve performances in the towns of Rosario, Cordoba and Mendoza. In Cordoba, Balanchine had a long interview with Manuel de Falla, the great Spanish composer of the *Three Cornered Hat*, who is finishing his most important work *Atalantida*, in a small village nearby. De Falla promised us the score of *Atalantida* as soon as it would be completed. But since he has been working on it for over ten years already, we could not hope for it soon.

And then there happened the most exciting thing that could possibly have hit any ballet company. When we arrived at the small town of Mendoza at the base of the highest portion of the Andes, only half a day away from Santiago de Chile beyond the cordillera, we were stuck. The worst winter storms in years had smashed the railroads, obliterated the mountain village of Caracolles with twenty-two people in its railroad station, and shut the highway for six months.

We had the choice of going back by train to Buenos Aires, then down far south through the innumerable small lakes in motor launches which only carried a dozen people at a time, and then up to Santiago, a distance of two thousand miles—or traveling north via Tucuman and La Quiaca through Southern Bolivia, over to the coast town of Antofagasta, and down to Santiago, perhaps even longer. In the meantime, our orchestra was waiting for us in Santiago, as well as the impatient subscribers to our season. So, after nine days of exasperated hanging around a good hotel, with its gambling casino and movie house, in an atmosphere of the Lunt-Fontanne *Idiot's Delight*, the entire American Ballet, complete with scenery, costumes, lights, and personnel of fifty one people climbed into four Pan-Air Boeing transport planes and majestically flew the cordillera, between the two highest peaks in the Western

(*Continued on page* 29)

VIA THE GRAPEVINE

(*Continued from page* 19)

Denis is to be found, and we are fast becoming one of them. She recently appeared at a tea given in her honor by Junior Programs, Inc., at which affair we caught a glimpse of the new ballet soon to be sent on tour with the three dancers who make up the little company. The ballet is called the *Adventures of Marco Polo;* it is a *melange* of sonorous recitations, beating gongs, exotic costumes, exquisite music by the gifted Margaret Carlisle, and it possesses three talented young people who are the spine of the show: Dorothy Lysaght, recently with the Ballet Theatre, and Charles Tate and Dale Leffler, both ex-Shawn dancers. . . .

NOTE: *Recital notes will be resumed in this department with the next issue.*

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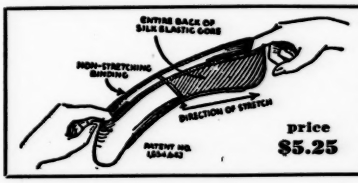

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Record Roster

By Willard Hall

Wherein he passes on his findings concerning the best of the current releases of every major company . . . Decca, Columbia, Bluebird, OK, Victor, etc.

GENE KRUPA

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

GENE KRUPA is a product of Chicago's South Side. . . . Still calls the Windy City "Home." . . . Began professional career at the tender age of 13, plading with a band called the Frivolians, a dime-dance grind group playing summer dances in Wisconsin. . . .

Enrolled at St. Joseph's College to study for the priesthood. . . . Left school at end of first year. . . . In 1929 decided to take the "big leap" and come to New York. . . . Landed a job with Red Nichols' band. . . . Later Mal Hallet. . . In 1934 joined Benny Goodman. . . .

Remained with the King of Swing until two and a half years ago when he decided to launch out on his own. . . . Is recognized principally as a swing band. . . . Only luxury a specially built Packard roadster. . . . His wife travels with the band. . . . Has a collection of recordings of African Tom Tom Calls presented to him by a noted explorer. . . .

Favorite food is hamburger. . . . Favorite band is Tommy Dorsey's. . . . Gives away more than 150 drumsticks a week to fans. . . . Thinks the late Chick Webb was the greatest drummer who ever lived. . . . That's what he thinks. . . . We think differently. . . .

***This asterisk means that BOTH sides of the record are good for dancing and are listed below.**

Speed in Measures per Minute	Record and Title	Orchestra
	FOX TROT	
25	Col 36340 Call It Anything, It's Love	Will Bradley
25	OK 6367 City Called Heaven	Les Brown
27	OK 6376 You Were There	Gene Krupa
28	*OK 6364 Give Me Your Answer	Tommy Tucker
28	*Col 36370 Shepherd Serenade	Horace Heidt
30	Col 36390 Misirlou	Harry James
30	*OK 6331 There Goes That Song Again	Dick Jurgens
31½	*OK 6388 Below the Equator	Frankie Masters
31½	*OK 6323 All That Meat and No Potatoes	Les Brown
33	*Col 36331 Somebody Loves Me	Frankie Carle
33	*OK 6333 If It's You	Chuck Foster
34½	*Col 36332 The Love Nest	Frankie Carle
36	*OK 6394 Pretty Baby	Ray Herbeck
38	OK 6332 One, Two, Three O'Lairy	The Charioteehs
40	*Col 36370 Delilah	Horace Headt
42	*Decca 3823 Beau Night in Hotchkiss Corners	Johnny Long
46	*Col 36356 Despues De Un Beso	Hurtado Brothers
46	*OK 6364 Lo To Amos, Oh! Baby	Tommy Tucker
48	*Col 36332 Swingin' Down the Lane	Frankie Carle
52	OK 6377 The Nickel Serenade	Les Brown
56	*OK 6370 Love Is	Griff Williams
56	OK 6352 Tuin' Up	Gene Krupa
	ONE STEP	
63	*Col 36333 After You've Gone	Frankie Carle
66	*Col 36331 I Know That You Know	Frankie Carle
69	*OK 6388 Thumbs Up	Frankie Masters
	POLKA	
66	*Col 12221F Military Polka	International Dance Orchestra
69	*Col 12222F Josephine Polka	Henry Orzechowski
	SQUARE DANCE	
	*Decca 3733, Round the Couple and Swing Where You Meet	Cooley's Buckle Busters and Roy Bogers
	*Decca 3734, Round That Couple—Go Through and Swing	Cooley's Buckle Busters & Roy Rogers
	*Decca 3735, Lady 'Round the Lady and the Gent Solo	Cooley's Buckle Busters and Roy Rogers
	*Decca 15053, She'll Be Cominin' Round the Mountain When She Comes	Al MacLeod-*Ed Durlacher*
	*Decca 15054, The Grapevine Twist	Al MacLeod-Ed Durlacher
	*Decca 15055, Mademoiselle From Armentieres Hinkey-Dinkey Parlez Vous	Al Durlacher
	TAP DANCE	
	(Fox Trot)	
52	*Decca 2546 (Buck and Wing (Bye Bye Blues	
52	*Decca (Buck and Wing) (Bye Bye Blues)	Russ Morgan
44	*Decca 2548 Swing Tap (Santan Takes a Holiday)	Russ Morgan
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	(Rumba)	
46	*Decca 2549 Rumba Tap (Mama Inez)	Russ Morgan
	WALTZ	
52	*Col 36354 Rival	Hurtado Brothers
60	*Col 35506 Count of Luxembourg	Al Goodman
63	*Col 35503 Merry Widow	Al Goodman
	CONGA	
63	*Col 35401 Vira Y Vira	Desi Arnaz
69	*Col 35400 Ahi Viene La Conga	Desi Arnaz
69	*Col 35403 Echa Un Pie	Desi Arnaz
	TANGO	
27	*Col 36357 Silenco	Hurtado Brothers
31½	*Col 36355 Por Una Cabeza	Hurtado Brothers
34½	*Col 36358 Mala Junta	Ramon Littee
34½	*Col 35481 Amaneciendo	Ramon Littee
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36	*Col 35402 Africa Canta	Desi Arnaz
36	*Decca 3847 La Paloma	Jose Morand
42	*Col 35401 Union Triste	Desi Arnaz

STUDENT *and* STUDIO

Washington in November to teach at the Congressional club. This summer she was engaged by the D.M.A. convention and again this month by the Connecticut club. Eight of her pupils have had a busy summer working for the U. S. government, chaperoned by Miss Adelaide Kaiser, and transported to and from the army theatre in an army truck. There were special invitations for the girls to attend officers dances and to swim in the pool reserved for officer's wives. Twice Miss Kaiser and her girls broadcast from Fort Dix, during their ten weeks there, once on *We the People* programme and another time on Tom Slaters programme from WOR. The only thing the girls were restricted from doing was dating. No dates, officers included!

●

● PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—The Philadelphia Dance Association, under its personable president, Ethel Phillips, is making plans for the winter season, to include lectures, recitals and affairs to interest and satisfy its demanding membership. Philadelphia is rapidly coming close to New York as a dance center, with people like Miss Phillips to the forefront pushing its affairs with her usual zeal. At present she is engaged in forming plans for a new children's theatre which will highlight the dance, but will not neglect the voice or the drama. Incidentally, one of her former pupils, Dania Krupska, for many years a ballerina known to the Littlefield Ballet, the Chester Hale Ballet, and the Radio City Music Hall ballet, has stepped into the legitimate theatre, and is now miming the mute in *Johnny Belinda.*

●

● ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Miss Betty Lou Barron has returned to this city after a busy summer in New York studying with prominent teachers. She has begun classes at the Seneca Hotel, and is planning an interesting recital some time this fall.

●

● ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Elizabeth Durell, concert dancer, opens her studio in mid-October, adding an evening ballet group for business girls, and an "under seven" class. She has been asked by the Crescendo Club of Atlantic City to give a second performance of her ballet, the *Garden of Live Flowers* from Deems Taylor's suite *Through the Looking Glass.* She recently presented an Evening of the Dance which showed her off as a choreographer of some originality.

●

● NEWARK, N. J.—The Associated Dancing Teachers of New Jersey will hold the annual *Hallowe'en* party for members and guests on October 26 at the Lippel School in this city. Prizes will be awarded for the most beautiful, most original and most comical costumes. Square dancing and apple ducking will be features of the evening's entertainment. The next regular meeting of the A.D.T. of New Jersey will be held on November 2 at the Lippel studio. Miss Rose Grossbart will demonstrate ballroom dancing and Miss June Lippel, novelty tap routines.

●

● BOSTON, Mass.—The Dancing Teachers Club of Boston conducted its 18th annual convention at the Hotel Bradford, in Boston, September 9 to 12 and had a goodly number in attendance. Again Miss Lillafrances Viles was chairwoman, and had on her committee: Past President Wm. T. Murphy, President Ruth I. Byrne, Lois Gingras, Helen M. Whitten, Harriet A. James, Anna M. Greene, now President of the D.M.A., Christine A. MacAnanny, who also served as chairwoman of the very interesting Round Table Discussions, especially for ballroom teachers, and Katharine D. O'Gorman who also conducted a Cotillion Hour on Tuesday evening. A sad note was injected into the convention proceedings by the untimely death of Miss Florence Baker, of Winthrop, Mass. She was a president of the club in its early years. Many of the club members attended her funeral Saturday, September 13, held at the Arlington Street Church Chapel on Boylston Street. The interment was at Forest Hills cemetery.

The September meeting of the D.T.C. of Boston took place Sunday, September 21 at the Katharine O'Gorman studio. At this meeting the convention report was read, and fall and winter meetings arranged for.

●

California
by Dorathi Bock Pierre

● LOS ANGELES, Calif.—Arthur Prince, film dance director, has inaugurated a new idea in his teaching work by introducing a new routine every week. Starting on Monday morning he completes a routine in six morning lessons. The latest is a new film routine Conga-Tap.

●

David Tihmar is working on some new dances as the partner of Mia Slavenska who is appearing in a motion picture.

●

Katherine Dunham and her Dancers are appearing in several concerts on the west coast. They open in Carmel and then give a concert at the Curran Theater in San Francisco Oct. 14, followed by a concert at the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles Oct. 17. On Nov. 1, she opens at the newly opened Trocadero.

●

Doris Niles and Serge Leslie are appearing in a joint concert at the Wilshire Ebell Oct. 2.

●

Eleanor Brooks of the Horton Dance Group is teaching some of the dance classes this year at the University of California at Los Angeles.

●

Thurston Knudson, music librarian for radio station KNX is giving a course in percussion at the University of Southern California.

●

Nico Charisse gave a reception honoring Jose Alvarez at his studio on Oct. 10th. The Consuls of South American countries were guests of honor, and there was entertainment consisting of Spanish dances and songs.

●

Maurice Kosloff has recently signed a contract to direct the dances for a series of technicolor dance shorts.

●

Adolph Bolm is directing the dances for the Edward Small production of the *Corsican Brothers* starring Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

●

Maria Bakefi is teaching as a regular part of her course, the routines from the classic Russian Ballet repertoire.

HARVEST MOON

(*Continued from page* 9)

Between rounds, the house was permitted to gloat on a round-up of celebrities of stage, screen and radio, which it took to its mighty bosom. In evidence were Jerry Colonna's trumpet and starting eyes, Dinah Shore and "Daddy," the four Ink Spots, Paul Draper dancing a hybrid *Malaguena,* Larry Adler, the Harmonicist Divine, and Rochester, the Supreme. I take it you don't need an introduction to Rochester. A self-proclaimed refugee from the Jack Benny show, he got away long enough to regale the house with an adagio partnered by a 185 pound negro ballerina attired in beach shoes, a tight tweed skirt and a maroon lace bedroom jacket. All this with an imperial air of *savoir faire* the equal of anything ever seen in classical ballet repertoire.

Presently, after much selecting and reselecting, the six winners of the various groups, five white, and one negro couple, were called upon to dance for final honors, in first, a waltz, and then, a rumba. This they did to the unmitigated howls of glee of twenty-thousand people for whom there was no one on the stage but the negro winners of the Lindy-hop, who, in their torn and disheveled finery, postured and clowned through a Viennese waltz in the finest traditions of the circus, now as haughty as a duke and duchess, and now bucking like to bad-tempered broncos. On their woolly heads we one and all laid a crown. Our crown, poor thing, was, however, not very tangible. It was only vocal. The judges thought different. Their choice for the all-around winner of the Harvest Moon Ball was the team which had won the Tango finals. Miss Adele Rolleri and Mr. Jack Williams, a pair of madly happy children, if ever we saw any. The others each got a wrist watch or bracelet, and a week's contract to appear at the Loew's State Theatre in New York the following week under the banner of the *Daily News* and genial Ed Sullivan.

Bless you, Rolleri and Williams, and you too, *Daily News,* and Ed Sullivan and Rochester, and Madison Square Garden, and most of all, you Lindy-hoppers. I don't know when I have ever wanted to get out of a place of entertainment so desperately fast as I did that night, and get a grateful breath of Eighth Avenue air diluted by carbon monoxide, and listen to the gentle murmuring of auto horns, but never mind, bless you, anyway. I loved you, gay clamour and near-asphyxiation and bewildering rites of the Harvest Moon, and all.

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DANCE EVENTS REVIEWED

(*Continued from page* 15)

Lane, the Lane lark of Hollywood, did accept. Caught with a dropped option, she accepts, hoping to land herself by this stunt on page one, and thereby back in the studio. She does land on page one, in her chiffon underwear. Goodness, you'd swear this *couldn't* be Dutch Pennyslvania! These Dionysian pranks, take them back to Greece, where they belong! However, as this is a musical comedy, and next door to the movies, nobody comes to much harm.

This show is a monument to adolescence. You never saw anything younger this side of a high school sophomore class. From now on, other musical comedy faces will look mighty decrepit. We are reliably informed that nine-tenths of the cast is under eighteen. Not, of course, Miss Lane. The voices, every one of them, as much as the faces, are fresh and beautiful. The dances by Gene Kelly (Pal Joey) are rewarding for such an event. Step forward Mr. Kelly of Pittsburgh and Broadway. Step into *this* limelight and get our award. Thanks for the restraint you show in avoiding the inevitable hog-wildness of a first creation. Thank you for no lurid Latin lurchings, for no eerie symbolisms (with which a number of shows got all choked up recently), for no surrealisms, for no underdone and hybrid balletics strange to the story and wishing they were back in a Massine ballet where they properly belong. Thanks for a fine sense of the appropriate. As much as Gene Kelly, the young dancers themselves deserve a hand-shake from us: acrobatizing Lou Wills, Jr., Bobby Harrell and Billy Parsons, tapsters George Staisey, Lee Roberts and Danny Daniels, also Betty Anne Nyman, a toothsome tapper, and the nimble and spirited ensemble. All of these were dance delights in the barrel-house, the boogie-woogie and the blues. Before we go away, you might want to hear that we were partial to two candidly etched types by Nancy Walker, and Vincent York; she, a *Blind Date* out of juke-box land, and he, a former graduate once flunked in English 4 by the venerable Dr. Reeber, the principal of old Winsocki. There is a moral in this, our partiality towards these two types, but we are much too tired to remember it, heigh-ho.

H. D.

●

SPANISH AND MEXICAN DANCES *with the WPA Symphony Orchestra, Embassy,* Sept. 10.

The dance concerts with the WPA Symphony Orchestra during the summer have proved to be so popular that it has been decided to continue them intermittently during the fall and winter concert season.

This program offered the regular symphony first half, and the second half was given over to Spanish and Mexican dances accompanied by the Tipica Orchestra.

Carmen Samaniego appeared in only one number, *Cadiz* to the well-known Albeniz music. Miss Samaniego is a very attractive young woman with a quiet and meticulous technique. She dances in a purely classic style—what we would call a drawing-room style, with little fire and little projection. But what she does she does well and with great charm. It is impossible to judge any dancer upon one number, and it is hoped she will appear in a longer program.

Gabriel and La Goya appeared in three numbers. This young couple are personable, have a good style and clean technique, and more may be expected of them in the future. Their second number was *Del Sacro Monte* to music by John Perez, Jr., a member of the Tipica orchestra. The music is interesting and gives the girl splendid opportunity for solo work. The imaginative *Los Viejitos*, old Mexican Folk Dance, has few peers.

Paco and Armira were also a very young couple. The boy has unusually good technique and such a decided style that he quite overshadows the girl. Paco has excellent and showy turns, and he takes liberties with his choreography to make use of them. The danger in a young dancer is the inclination to over-use his one good point, and he should strive to bring the rest of his technique up to his turns so he will be well-rounded in his projection.

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TRAVEL DIARY

(*Continued from page* 25)

Hemisphere. There had been so many delays no one believed we were actually going to fly on that Sunday morning when we all had driven down to the airport at 6 a.m. for the third consecutive day. But the weather was magnificent.

Fred Danieli was a little nervous. He had never flown before, and the Andes were quite a start. Dunia Mironowa, our wardrobe mistress, who had been all over the world for fifteen years with Pavlova, hated the oxygen. I was considerably disturbed as to what would happen to all our trunks and personal baggage which had been sent by rail north through Bolivia. But there was nothing to fear. We crossed, flat as on a stage floor, at about 19,000 feet. We could have taken it at 22. In the United States they consider 8,000 pretty high fiying, Our pilot dipped to show we were just above the statue of the Christ of the Andes. The colossal walls of snow and coppery sun-lit ice were grander than the Hollywood set for *Lost Horizon*. None of us felt the altitude; no one was sick, and once over the snowfields no one even felt dizzy. One hour and seven minutes after we had left Mendoza airport, we were being photographed in Santiago de Chile, surrounded by a cheering crowd of wholly incredulous spectators. It must have been the first time in history that bombers had flown a ballet.

(*Continued Next Month*)

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I CAST ASHORE AT BARNEGAT

(*Continued from page* 11)

ears discerned from its general direction, a loud rasping and unearthly hacking sound. By dint of applying his ear to the ground, Jack Potteiger soon discovered the sounds were emanating from under the porch, where indeed, old Foxy had been sojourning the live-long night through. It took our combined efforts and three pairs of determined arms to drag Foxy out from under the porch. Once inside the house and in his warm basket, he apparently changed his mind, for he licked Helen's hand tolerantly, as though telling her and us: "I forgive you, for you know not what you do."

Only a few hours after this adventure came the dawn, as it always does in the morning. There we were, three sleepy people, heavy-lidded and groping like bats toward the light, going out to meet the Norwegian Consul Moë and Jack's artist sister, Ann Potteiger at the landing where we were all to go deep sea fishing by the dawn's early light. When the four of us received this invitation from the distinguished Norwegian diplomat, it was broad daylight, and sounded inspired. In the five o'clock light, we stared bleakly at each other, and at Barnegat Bay, each eye silently accusing the other of derangement. We changed our opinion quickly enough after arrival of the Consul's yacht, and some quarts of good hot coffee and breakfast. The Consul had brought with him a number of friends, as well as, of all things, a crew of some five newspapermen and photographers. Also, there was present Jack Lamping, publicity director of the Long Beach Island Chamber of Commerce. Newspapermen out and up at 5:00 A.M.! It was no mirage as we subsequently saw our photos in their respective papers in York, Philadelphia and local Jersey journals. I've heard of reporters going to bed at 5:00 A.M. but never before have I heard of them rising at that unorthodox hour. Nevertheless, for the sake of the deep sea and its fish, we all discomoded ourselves. And the fish were biting, bless their glittering scales. Ann did no fishing. She painted industriously; painted sketches of the brightening sky, the changing colors of the Atlantic, the faces aboard. Ann Potteiger is an artist whose works have been hung in galleries and shows all over the east, who has walked away with prizes wherever she has exhibited. On this occasion she really outdid herself, turning in some paintings crackling with energy and mood, which affected one of the reporters so strangely that he had to be restrained from grabbing one, jumping overboard, and swimming to shore with the picture between his teeth. Several times that day we nearly lost Helen and Jack to the sea, as they managed to hang over the rail at such a dangerous angle they nearly fell in. What they thought they were doing hanging by their feet from the rail and scrutinizing every fish that came by, I'm sure I don't know. They naturally succeeded only in scaring away every intelligent fish for miles around. Our gallant bark sailed steadily on, nosing her way through billow and breeze. The sun was very low when we turned homeward and crossed the bar. It is at this time of day that the atmosphere becomes fey. Purple shadows fell upon the sea. Great swirling clouds hide the smiling sun and the waters frown and threaten. One and all we became silent and ears cocked for sounds unheard and eyes for sights unhallowed and unspeakable. It is at this point that legend says the insurgent citizenry sent the foul pirate chieftain to his death years ago. He had been caught, sailed to this spot, and made to walk the plank, an ironic exit for this violent man. Fishermen swear by the gospel that there are nights when his voice can be heard shrieking through the mists and if one is sailing here his face can be seen looking up from the sea bottom. I have seen and spoken to old men on this island who swear by everything sacred that they have seen and heard him. We crossed the bar—and then, we heard it. It was a drawn-out shriek on the wind as of a soul dying in torment. It rose and fell and I could

(*Continued on page* 31)

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feel the hair rise on my head, so keen was the sensation of fright. No one spoke. Not a face but was blanched beyond recognition. I hardly knew them. The voice rose to a ghastly scream and ceased. My flesh gradually stopped creeping. I thought at the time it never would. The Consul was looking into the water for the legendary face. It did not appear, but in the direction of the sound we perceived an outline black and *macabre*. As we came closer, it turned innocently into a tiny fishing dinghy, and when we drew near, whom do you think it contained? The dinghy was inhabited by Karen Conrad, intent upon her fishing rod, and Alexis Dolinoff, drowsing among some old sacks, a smile of divine content on his face. Neither one of them, only a few hundred yards away, had heard a sound. I long ago gave up searching for a solution to this event.

Karen for the rest of the summer, not to be outdone by a decayed old pirate ghost, took over the bay, and made herself a legend, too. The Norwegian fisherman will talk for years about the screaming *Lorelei* whose voice shattered the air on fine mornings over the bay. When they drew near, it always turned out to be Karen, humbly asking somebody to please remove a fish from her hook. She may not have been as grisly a spectre as the pirate, but, after all, she did her small best, and that is all any of us can do.

Our party brought home our catch and laid it at the feet of our cook, Mrs. Eckert. Do I say cook? Tongue, wither! The bare utilitarian word cook has nothing to do with the divine office filled by Mrs. Eckert. The food she touched became fit for the gods. Her secret is her own. They do say she sold her soul to the devil for it, and I, for one, believe it. A thousand times, if once, I entreated Mrs. Eckert to marry me without delay, but, cruel woman, she only laughed in my sad face. She had entirely too much fun turning down proposals right and left.

That night the moon came up looking large, yellow and malicious. It shone brightly on the beach where our entire camp took part in an innocent but noisy bacchanale around a mountainous camp fire. After eating the world's best fish prepared by the hands of the Olympian Eckert, we sunk so low as to resort to roasted wieners and toasted marshmallows. We had sent invitations, by word of mouth, to every soul in the Norwegian fishing colony not far off, and when they appeared they made a glowing picture in their lovely costumes. Under the yellow moon and around the merry blaze we danced, and sang, and stuffed our hungry maws. Alexis (he is now *premier danseur* at the Metropolitan Opera in New York) dragged out his remarkable rubber floating mattress and cast himself and it upon the waves, from which point he photographed us. Ethel Phillips, president of the Philadelphia Dance Association, and opera ballet mistress, sat in a breath-taking dinner dress on a humble throne of sand, and sang out her commands to us with sovereign grace. Her little niece, Myrtle, eight years old and carrot-topped, was there too, and, after a sandpiper, is the fastest moving human I've ever spied. It was hard labor trying to keep Myrtle from leaping over the fire. She felt bound to try even this! Joan McCracken, Grace, Adrienne and Elizabeth Carr (we certainly had the *prettiest* girls!) had us rolling on the sand in paroxysms. They performed for us an Indian dance that, seen on a stage, would have won them immortality. Never have I seen such a sight as Lizzie Carr as a stone-faced Indian squaw! After the dancing and the shouting had ceased, we sat far into the night listening to Bill spin incredible yarns.

Our nights were not all like this; some nights we had to sleep, so full were our days. Some of our best days were those spent aquaplaning up and down the shores to the extreme mirth of the members of the artists' colony some distance off. Fully expecting and hoping to see us tumble off at the first try, they lined up on the beach ready to he-haw us out of countenance. They he-hawed the other side of their faces, though, when not one of us took a spill. They just didn't understand the remarkable mechanism which is a dancer's legs, and the hard-won gift of miraculous equilibrium which is a dancer's own.

The last time I saw Barnegat this summer was a fading September day. The beach and the air were thick with sea-birds and the salt wind blew kindly upon me as I watched the amusing little birds go through their remarkable antics. It must have been the mating season, for then the sand-pipers perform a series of figures in columns and pairs that amounts to no less than a sand-piper ballet. About me the gulls circled tirelessly and far overhead those amazing terns, feathered dive-bombers, hung motionlessly in the air, and then, like bombers, dived swiftly for the surface of the sea, where their telescopic eyes had spied some unfortunate fish.

I made ready to turn away, not to see this loved scene for another year. The white walls of the camp, the hall where next year we plan to have our Dance Theatre, the studio, the figure of the old collie on the porch and behind them all, Barnegat Lighthouse rising proudly against the dusky sky. As I left, there ran through my head a few remembered lines of poetry to comfort me until next June, lines written many hundred years ago on the shores of Stratford-on-Avon. I left Long Beach Island for the larger world beyond and in my head sang these lines of the Bard:

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands,
Curtsy when you have, and kissed,
The wild waves whist . . .

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HOLLYWOOD ICE REVIEW OF 1942

"Dancing . . . Is My Business"

by BERNARD JAY SHAW

For some time past we have felt that a monthly column of good, sound, practical business advice, especially written to solve the everyday problems of running a dancing school, would probably prove the most useful and popular feature we could possibly run each month.

The great difficulty lay in getting the right person to write it. There were plenty of people who knew all about promotion and nothing about dance schools; plenty who knew about dance schools alone; a good many who knew about effective business administration and nothing whatever about either promotion work or the internal workings of a dance school. What we had to have to make the column really a success was a person who knew all three things thoroughly, and several more as well.

We believe that Mr. Shaw is that person. In addition to running his own very excellent school he frequently serves as promotion counsel for a good many of the very top operators in the country. Mr. Shaw knows whereof he speaks.

From now on we are turning this space over to Mr. Shaw every month to use as he sees fit. In it he will present a comprehensive series of articles built upon a logical plan and expressly designed to be of as great service as possible to the average dance school operator in the meeting of those bothersome everyday problems.

And here is Mr. Shaw. We hope you like him and find him useful.

Someone recently asked me, "What's wrong with the dance business?" My answer was, "Nothing, except that most teachers and dance school owners don't consider it a business and treat it as such."

American dance teachers and schools gross slightly over thirty-five million dollars each year and it could easily be a seventy million dollar industry. In other words, it is the opinion of this writer that the average dance school could double its gross earnings by the application of simple business methods.

Right here I expect a host of teachers to rise and shout indignantly that the dance is an art and that the application of ordinary business methods is not in keeping with the dignity of the profession. My answer to that is, "Nonsense!" For any dance teacher, no matter how lofty his point of view, will agree that dancing has a lot to offer to anyone of any age; as an accomplishment, for cultural and social advancement, and as an interesting, dignified, lucrative profession.

When I speak of the application of business methods, I mean mainly that the profession ought to tell more people about the above mentioned advantages to be derived from dancing *properly taught.* Note the italics, for therein lies the connecting link between the generalization and your school. *You* are the one who can accomplish these things for the people in your community. All I want you to do is to tell more people why they should dance and why *you* should be the one to teach them. Simple, isn't it? The rest of it is just as simple. Find the simplest, easiest, most inexpensive and practical way to accomplish this aim—AND DO IT! This is the first step in the direction of a successful school.

The successful operation of any business is dependent on careful attention to three points or phases. They are sales, plant and administration, and product and production. For the dance business, these three steps would be:

A. Bringing the students to your school. This includes advertising, publicity, promotion and solicitation.

B. Having an attractive, well equipped studio and proper business administration. Location, equipment, decoration and furnishings, office procedure and systems, and buying are included here.

C. Qualified teachers, advanced teaching methods, recitals, curriculum and material.

Everyone will agree that teachers, as a rule, have usually done enough about "C" but woefully neglected "A" and "B". The purpose of this series is to delineate and discuss each month one of the components of classifications "A" and "B".

This column is meant to be yours. It is designed to help you with the administration of your school and to discuss your problems. If there is any subject matter or point that you would particularly wish to have discussed in this department, write and tell me so. If you have an individual problem that presents itself by virtue of sectional or other particular circumstances I should also like you to tell me about it. Your comments and criticism will be welcome.

I'll see you next month. In the meantime remember, keep saying to yourself, "*Dancing is my business.*"

9 Fil/21

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933

Of THE AMERICAN DANCER, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1941.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ruth Eleanor Howard, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the publisher of THE AMERICAN DANCER, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Ruth Eleanor Howard, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Ruth Eleanor Howard, 250 West 57th St., N.Y.C.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Ruth Eleanor Howard, 250 West 57th St., N.Y.C.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) The American Dancer Magazine Pub. Co. Ltd. of N. Y., 250 West 57th St., N.Y.C.; Ruth Eleanor Howard, 250 West 57th St., N.Y.C.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is ..... (This information is required from *daily* publications only.)

RUTH ELEANOR HOWARD

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1941.

Anna M. Bellew, Notary Public,
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